

MORE WAYS THAN ONE,

A

C O M E D Y,

AS ACTED AT THE

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T G A R D E N.

By MRS. COWLEY.
K

L O N D O N:

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DEDICATION.

FLY, comic scenes! where distant Ganges laves
Hindustan's golden shores, with hallow'd waves;
Where palms gigantic rear their tufted heads,
And nature in colossal vegetation spreads,
Where rich ananas court the Indian's eye,
And groves of citrons fan the fev'rish sky,
Where rattling canes around the riv'lets play,
And the centennial aloe drinks the day!
In their deep shades bid Lucidorus smile,
His heavy sense of *distant* hours beguile.
Bid him not think, because I gaily write,
That heavy hours to him, to me, are light;
My native spirits, bounding from repose,
Bear me, unwilling, where Castalia flows.
I love to weep, love the soft feast of grief,
Court mournful thoughts, nor ever wish relief;—
Sadness I woo, yet still the phantom flies,
And *joy* seduces, whilst I ask for sighs.

But

But Hymen frowns, and joy no longer cheers,
 Weeping, I sink——Thalia drinks my tears;
 He tears my heart; she my rapt soul inspires;
 He chills with grief; she fills me with her fires.

Thus, Lucidorus! pass my distant hours—
 By turns subdued, the slave of rival powers;
 And thus hath nature in my little frame
 Still various been, and variously the same.
 My heart so keenly feels, 'twere death to live,
 Did not bright spirits its strong sense relieve.
 Through THESE capricious, desultory, gay,
 As though I felt not, glides th' unconscious day;
 Through THIS I droop, I sadden, and complain,
 Dragging, with pensive steps, life's length'ning chain.

In blithesome mood "*More Ways than One*" had birth,
 Offspring of brilliant morns, and eves of mirth;
 The laughing muse in sprightliest vein was by,
 And "quips, and cranks," lay lurking in her eye.
 O! may her spirit from its pages dart,
 Dance o'er your nerves, and live within your heart!

H. C.

P R O-

[iii]

P R O L O G U E.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. BONNER, IN THE CHARACTER OF
MERCURY.

Enter hastily from the upper end of the stage, as if just alighted.

SOME *eau de luce* ! Your fans, dear ladies, pray !
Strait from Parnassus—'tis a dev'lish way !
I might have strode our Pegasus's back,
But the poor devil's grown so mere a hack ;
So often call'd upon—taught such strange paces,
That alter'd woefully, alack, his case is !
In former times, but once or twice a-year
The fiery steed was summon'd to appear ;
Then in elegiac *pas grave* seen dancing,
Or in a comedy-curvet came prancing :
A tragedy each spring, a birth-day ode,
Was all his bus'ness on the Muse's road :
But now, such hurrying, helter-skelter work—
Each cart-horse moves with a genteeler jirk ;
So—in a word, your patience not t' abuse,
We've sent our Pegasus to learn of *Hughes*.

My

My business here ?—Plainly and flatly this—
 To beg your Honours not to frown or hiss.
 Thalia sent me, and it makes me sad,
 For “*entre nous*, (says I) the thing is bad.”
 “Tut, fool !” the Muse replies—“this powder take,
 “Long I’ve reserv’d it for a last dear stake—
 “This powder take—dear Mercury, be quick”—
 Here ’tis—a mighty spell, in this slim stick.
 Scarce had she left me, when Melpomé came—
 “Jove’s Messenger, (says she) I’m in a flame !
 “I know where Thal’ has sent you—never sham it,
 “But bribe ’em, God of Thieves ! bribe ’em to damn it !”
 “No, Madam, damn me, if I do !” I cry’d—
 She aim’d a blow, I bow’d, and hither hied,

Now for my spell—

[*Blows some powder out of his caduceus.*]

There ’tis—I see it spread !

’Tis felt in ev’ry heart—in ev’ry head !
 Now shall you fancy character and wit ;
 Taste in the boxes, humour in the pit.
 You’ll fancy, friends, that ’tis so droll and funny—
 [To the upper gallery.]
 And you, that you’ve some substance for your money :
 [To the gallery.]
 But should the charm dissolve e’er the play ends,
 Oh ! for Thalia’s sake, be yet its friends !

P E R.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

BELLAIR,	MR. LEWIS.
CARLTON,	MR. WROUGHTON.
SIR MARVELMUSHROOM,	MR. EDWIN.
EVERGREEN,	MR. WILSON.
DOCTOR FEELOVE,	MR. QUICK.
LE GOUT,	MR. WEWITZER.
DAVID,	MR. FEARON.
DOCTOR'S SERVANT,	MR. STEVENS.
LAWYER'S CLERK,	MR. THOMPSON.
STRANGER,	MR. JONES.

MISS ARCHER,	MISS ROUNGE.
ARABELLA,	MRS. KEMBLE.
MISS JUVENILE,	MRS. WILSON.
LODGING MISTRESS,	MISS PLATT.

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MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Mr. EVERGREEN'S

Enter DAVID, preceded by a Lawyer's Clerk.

HAS your master breakfasted?

DAVID. Breakfasted?—Yes, Sir! Though we live at the court end of the town, we have brought up all our Welch customs. Our master hates Lonton manners, and Lonton laties. What is your pusiness, goot Sir!

CLERK. A business he will probably like, though it may concern a London lady. Acquaint him that the writings are engross'd, and that I have brought them, to fill up the blanks, and sign.

DAVID. Yes, Sir;—please to sit, Sir [*going*]. The writings imposs'd, and the planks to——What was it, Sir? I must have it wort for wort, for my master is as exact as Shrewspury clock.

B

CLERK.

CLERK. Acquaint him, friend, that the writings—the marriage articles, are ready. I have brought them from Counsellor Bouquet's, to insert the names, and sign and seal. *[Exit DAVID, repeating the message.]*

CLERK. Now, in the fashionable course of things, how long may it be before I shall draw up the articles of separation for this young couple? It sometimes falls out for the good of the profession, that the happy pair see but one Christmas together. Nay, I have more than once in my time, engross'd the articles of marriage and separation with the same goose quill.

So, here comes the father of the bridegroom, to pore over the writings, I suppose. Come, good, *wary* Sir; if you don't quicken your motions, the young gentleman will excuse your cares;—every movement of that cane speaks a week's delay.

Enter Mr. EVERGREEN.

EVERG. Tell Miss Archer to come to me by-and-by. So, Mr. Goose-quill—what—a—are they quite ready?

CLERK. Quite ready, Sir;—the names only are wanting.

EVERG. Well, you may add the names in the next room; but I shan't sign 'till I have look'd your parchments cautiously over. No loop-holes for cavils—no expressions that will bear *ingenious* explanations. Defend me from the ingenuity of lawyers!

CLERK. You will find all clear, Sir. What are the names?

EVERG. That of the lady is Arabella Melville;—mine you know.

CLERK.

CLERK. Yes, Sir; it is Evergreen; but the gentleman's—

EVERG. The gentleman's!

CLERK. Yes, Sir—your son's—

EVERG. My son's!!—my son's!!

CLERK. Yes, Sir, I know it is Evergreen, junior; but the Christian name. I am sorry to be troublesome; John, Charles—Sir? Henry? George?

EVERG. Why, thou pen-cutter! art thou come to insult me? *My son! Evergreen, junior!* Why, Sir, I am Evergreen, junior, minor, and major; there is but one Evergreen in the world, and I am he.

CLERK. Sir, I humbly crave pardon. Are you then the bridegroom?

EVERG. Yes, Sir. Timothy Evergreen, Esquire, of Rook Hall, in the County of Salop. The bridegroom—aye, to be sure I am. Go, Mr. Feathertip, and leave the blanks as they are—I can fill them up.—
[Exit Clerk.] Didst ever see such a puppy, David?

DAVID. Never, Sir;—not to know that your Honour was the pride! I am sure one shan't see a livelier, puxomer pride in all—

EVERG. Pride! *Bridegroom*——Taffy!

DAVID. Got a mercy, Sir! Well, then, the bridegroom; and as for the bridegroomess, she is the sweetest, most innocent, modestest—

EVERG. Aye, aye, I know how to choose.—Did you tell my young plague, Miss Archer, to come to me?

DAVID. I tit inteet, Sir; and she bit me carry my Welch face town stairs again in a minute; for that it always made her preakfast fit uneasy.

EVERG. Aye, those women who have fine fortunes, and fine lovers, think they have a right to insult all the world.—She can't spare even me——me, who am her natural guardian, and fifteenth cousin.

DAVID. Laws, Sir, she makes no more of you than if you were an old woman, instead of an ancient gentleman.

EVERG. An *antient* gent —— Oh ! in point of family, you mean. Yes, yes,—but this is the last day of her triumph here ; I would'nt have her another week in my house, if——

DAVID. Hush, Sir ! here she comes ;—and her eyes full of mischief.

[*Miss ARCHER entering.*]

Miss ARCHER. Where is my guardian — Oh, my sweet guardian !

EVERG. Sweet me, no sweets ! I have sent five messages to your Ladyship this morning, ere I could have the honor of an interview.

Miss ARCHER. My *wife* Guardian, then : it was to prepare you a present, my wife guardian, that I staid—a marriage present !

EVERG. A present, hey ! What is it ? what is it ?

Miss ARCHER. You are to be married in a day or two, I find, to a young and beautiful girl—it is a present suited to *such* a bridegroom.

EVERG. Let me see it !

Miss ARCHER. Shut your eyes then. [*She goes behind him, and puts on a fool's cap with bells.*]

EVERG. What the devil is it ? a wedding night-cap ?

Miss

Miss ARCHER. Yes, a night and day cap—'tis yours for ever. [*Holding his hands, whilst he shakes his head to get rid of it.*]

EVERG. I'll teach thee to laugh, Taffy, in a moment. Let go my hands. Take it off, Taf ! or I'll make thy sides shake to another tune.

[*David snatches the cap, and runs off.*]

Miss ARCHER. Now, are you not a most ungrateful guardian, to slight my gifts ?

EVERG. *Miss* Archer ! [*sternly.*]

Miss ARCHER. Mr. Evergreen ! [*gruffly.*]

EVERG. Young woman, you must attend to me.

Miss ARCHER. Young man, I will.

EVERG. I am, as you say, to be married in a day or two.

Miss ARCHER. David ! bring back the cap.

EVERG. I have told you these six months to provide yourself with another home ;—you now have but six hours to do it in.

Miss ARCHER. Why ?

EVERG. Because I would not have my young innocent wife infected by your manners.

Miss ARCHER. My manners, Sir—What better fate could happen to her ? Is she pretty ?

EVERG. As a young cherub.

Miss ARCHER. Then I'll teach her to captivate the whole town. Why, I, Sir—I am not so handsome—that is, not so extremely handsome ; yet, with *my manners*, I am every where the object.

EVERG. But she shall be an object no where.

Miss ARCH. But she shall ; I'll carry her with me all over the world ; I'll teach her the equestrian bow
in

in Hyde Park, and how to dart through the croud in the coffee-room at the Opera. She shall learn——

EVERG. She shall learn, that, of all her mischievous hoity-toity sex, you are the last she is to know ; and I'll dismiss every servant, that she may never hear your name.

Miss ARCHER. I'll be her bridemaids, and, before she has been your wife six hours, give her more longings for laces, diamonds, feathers, and fops, than can be gratified in six years.

EVERG. Huh!—h! Why the devil do you not marry yourself, and plague some other man. You have fools enough to choose from——Marry! you have my consent.

Miss ARCHER. But I want that of a much more important personage.

EVERG. Whose?

Miss ARCHER. My own. I shall not give up the right of making conquests yet ;—when my time comes to retire from the scene of action, I'll pick out the most constant of my adorers, go gravely with him to church, drive soberly to the seat of his ancestors, grow a dutiful wife, study family receipts and made wines ; and when I have the honor of seeing your young widow with her new husband, we'll drink to your memory in a cup of cowslip of my own brewing [*court'sying*].

EVERG. Seek new lodgings, Madam.

Miss ARCHER. I shall not, indeed, Sir!

EVERG. My house is my own, Madam! [*ferociously*].

Miss ARCHER. And my guardian is my own, Sir! [*imitating.*] Are you not my own dear, sweet guardian, and

and are you not going to have a sweet wife, and to be a sweet simpleton, at the sweet age of sixty? Oh, my sweet, poor—poor, dear guardian! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

EVERG. Drink to my memory in wine of her own brewing!—I'll bribe some disbanded Ensign to carry her off, and make her glad to drink small beer of her own brewing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Doctor FEELOVE'S.*

Enter SERVANT, looking at a list.

SERV. Let me see—one, two, three, four. Well, four new ones every morning, considering the season has unhappily proved so healthy, would do pretty well. I must call the doctor—'tis time he was out of his study,—oh, here he comes,—seemingly in a passion.

Enter FEELOVE from the Flat, with several printed Bills in his Hand.

FEELOVE. What are the nation about? What are the parliament about? Is this to be borne?—Here's a collection!—Every morning an inundation of new quacks. Here's a fellow cures the gout by injecting volatiles thro' your ear;—here's another freezes a fever by artificial snow, which he produces from the congealed perspiration of the patient;—and this, purifies the blood from all disorders, by the smell of mushroom juice, philosophically prepared. Why, what is to become of the regular practitioner, if these fellows are suffered to go on? What, I say, are the parliament about?

SERV. Considering, Sir.

FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. Considering! tax 'em! tax 'em!—The quacks *shall* be taxed. Have I been sent for to any new patients to-day?

SERV. Yes, Sir; lady Juniper's dropsy has become troublesome again—she expects you at eleven. Mr. Calipash has a surfeit fever, and Mrs. Langrish hopes you'll call in the course of the morning.

FEELOVE. Mr. Calipash a surfeit fever—hum! with the help of bark and aromatics, it may be prolonged three weeks, without injury to the patient.—As to old lady Juniper, frequent visits will be useful,—for in one tapping more she'll come to the dregs; and for my friend, Mrs. Langrish, if I can't prevail on her to prate less, she won't last me another spring.—That woman will talk two hours without breathing, to describe the effects of an emetic; and, if I did not lower her now and then by a gentle cathartic, she'd evaporate through the lingual organs, like air through a cracked bladder.

SERV. I had like to have forgot—Mr. Bellair is coming, Sir!

FEELOVE. *Coming!* No, poor young fellow, he's going—he's going! there! there's the end of the life of a man of pleasure—it must be very *unpleasant* to be a man of pleasure. Nothing could ever prevail on me to be a man of pleasure.—Oh the temptations that I have withstood, from black eyes and grey, from tall and short!

SERV. I have often thought, Sir,—with submission—that the gentlemen of the wig go through more temptations than people are aware of.

FEE-

FEELOVE. Aye, aye,—there are Josepfs in the faculty, I can promise ye. Oh! the white hands that I have seen put out between the farcenet curtains, with pulse disordered only by too much health! Oh the bright eyes that I have seen on snowy pillows! Oh the—but come, the faculty's great faculty is that of keeping secrets—I say no more. Did Mr. Bellair crawl up stairs last night?

SERV. No, Sir; I could not persuade him, when he found Miss Arabella was alone.

FEELOVE. Aye, he abhors women now—the sight of a young woman throws him into a catalepsy. I have seen him faint only at the touch of Arabella's hand, when she has been chaffing his temples with spirits of hartshorn.

SERV. Yes, Sir. I have sometimes thought he had been bit by some mad woman, and so had a sort of hydrophobia towards the sex. Here's somebody coming. [*looking through the wing.*]

FEELOVE. Ah! I see who it is—you may go.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter EVERGREEN.

EVERG. Good morning t'ye Doctor! Doctor Feelove, good morning! How are your pulse to day?

FEELOVE. Pho! a physician never thinks about his pulse, any more than a lawyer about his conscience; the pocket of the one, and the constitution of the other, both improve by the neglect.

EVERG. Then why d'ye feel your patient's pulse?

FEELOVE. One can't do less for a guinea.

EVERG. Well, here are the parchments, [*taking them from his bosom*] here they are! Nothing but names wanting, and sums.

C

FEE-

FEELOVE. Names, and sums, why are they wanting?

EVERG. Why, that one may be clear. Your niece has thirty thousand pounds; and you agree that she shall be mine on paying you one-third for your consent.

FEELOVE. One half.

EVERG. No,—one-third. I am sure ten thousand pounds for a simple *aye* is very well; we know a place, where they'd say *aye* for half the money.

FEELOVE. Come, don't libel your betters, till you are poor, and want a pension. As to our affair, consider every thing. You know I boarded Arabella, with two sisters, at a village in Cornwall, who could teach her nothing but her sampler; the sole employment of her life, for sixteen years, has been her needle, with the occasional reliefs of making feed-cake, and stewing codlings.

EVERG. I know all that—I know all that.

FEELOVE. Yes, you know, but you don't draw the inference. Let me tell you that a girl who can't write, who never heard of Point or Brussels; whose only game at cards is *beggar my neighbour*; and who thinks the Play-house, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, the three great turnpikes to the devil, is a better fortune with *fifteen*, than a town bred miss with *thirty* thousand pounds.

EVERG. Well, well, 'tis in vain to argue. Here take the parchments,—fill up the blanks, and write your name. Shall I see my little Bell?

FEELOVE. To be sure. Call down my Niece. Tell her my Lord Penmanmeaur is here.

EVERG. How shall we manage when she finds that I am not a lord, and that she will not be a ladyship.

FEELOVE. Pho! that's easily managed with such
a no-

a novice. Tell her that a peerage, like the parliament, lasts but seven years, and that your time is up. Here she comes! so, Arabella, here's his lordship.

ARABELLA *Enters.*

EVERG. My pretty Bell, my pretty Bell! why so sad?—on the verge of riding under your own coronet, —why so sad?

ARAB. I am always sad, I think. They told me, when I left Cornwall, I was coming to London to be very happy, but indeed I was happier there. In the mornings I rambled in the woods, and used to listen to the sweet birds till they made me weep;—in the evenings I walk'd by moonlight.—Oh! how I love moonlight walks! with the distant village sounds dying on the ear, till, like the soft shades of the flowers, they could hardly be distinguish'd.

EVERG. Why, you may have moon-light in London, when it is not foggy; and sounds of all sorts.

ARAB. But my uncle never suffers me to stir.

FEELOVE. No, to be sure—not till you are married.

EVERG. No, nor then neither, without your husband.

ARAB. Nor then neither! why they tell me, but I don't care about it, that when I am married I must pay visits, and receive company, and ride in Hyde Park, and be always in public, without once thinking of my husband.

EVERG. [*apart*] Doctor! five thousand must be added for that.

FEELOVE. Why, how now, huffey!—who has been putting these wicked notions into your head?

ARAB. Why, sure they can't be wicked, for the Rector's wife and daughters over the way do so ; and go out in fine carriages, and have cards on Sundays.

FEELove. Huffey ! huffey ! that's a Bishop's family—a parish priest dared not be so wicked for his ears.

EVERG. Come, doctor, don't be so harsh—my little pet will be a good girl. I have convinced her that she was made on purpose to be my wife ; and that it will be the duty of my wife to hate gadding, and particularly to hate all young fellows.

ARAB. No—you said *particularly* those with cockades and gorgets.

EVERG. Did I ?—then I was too slack. They are all the same—the gorgeted, the scarf'd, the broad bands, and the narrow bands ; if they are young, you must hate them all—and if they presume to talk nonsense to you, make me your secret keeper, and then I shall be able to hold you up, as the exact model of a perfect wife.

FEELove. Yes, and, like other models, it will be very badly copied. But pray, mistress, in this pretty lesson of your's, where do you find any thing about your visitings, and gadding about, in the libertine stile you were just now speaking of ?

EVERG. No, no ;—no modest woman receives visits from any but relations ; nor, amongst those, from none of a remoter degree than uncles and aunts.

ARAB. What, not a Cousin ?

EVERG. Not if it's a male cousin.—Oh horrid ! a male cousin in the family of a young married woman is a worse monster than a man-tiger,

ARAB.

ARAB. But Mr. Bellair is *not* my Cousin,—so I may let him come without any harm :—Oh ! how I shall like to support his poor aching head on my bosom ; and, when he is fainting, to give him cordials, and weep over him till he recovers. [*aside.*]

FEELOVE. What are you saying, Arabella ?

ARAB. I was only conning my lesson, Sir ; that part of it is so pretty, that, whenever I think on it, I sigh, and feel so melancholy !—and yet 'tis a melancholy sweeter than all the pleasure I have ever tasted. [*Exit.*]

EVERG. Aye, go, go ! that's my pretty Bell ; get it all into your head, and never fear but it will influence your actions.

FEELOVE. I must leave ye, or my patients will be impatient.

EVERG. Well, I shall see you again in the evening ; meantime look over the parchments. [*Exit.*]

FEELOVE. I will. Why, now I have been a fool ; I have made the bargain more favourable on his side than I needed. I really believe he would have taken her with the ten thousand only. I'll try to start some difficulty in the business.—I hate to be over-reach'd.

[*Exit with the parchments.*]

S C E N E, CARLTON'S

CARLTON and BELLAIR at Breakfast.

CARL. More Ways than One indeed ! and *your* way is most singular ! imported with you, I suppose, from Leyden.—Assume *sickness* to captivate a blooming girl !

girl! *such* a way of love-making could never have occurred but in a college.

BEL. My sickness was assumed not to *captive*, but to get *introduced* to her. You have often heard that pity is sister to love, and I have *proved* it so, in the heart of the gentle Arabella.

Enter a Servant, speaking to BELLAIR.

SERV. Your servant has been here, Sir, to say that Doctor Feelove requests you not to call till one, as he is obliged to make a wide circuit this morning.

BEL. Very well. Bid him let my wrapping gown be ready, with my pale complexion, and all other necessities. [*Exit servant*] I must have a wider gown; in *that* I am not sufficiently screen'd; who, but a Doctor, could believe that these limbs belong to a fellow in the last stage of an atrophy.

CARL. Oh, they are so used to wonders, you may make them believe any thing; but have you never yet found a moment to convince *the Lady*, that you have as much health and assurance as any man in town?

BEL. Never,—nor do I know that I yet wish it, for I should then lose the luxury of her tender assistances, the soft pressure of her hand, and the tear dropping from her blue eye on my cheek, whilst she believes me in a state of insensibility—How can I bear to give up all that?

CARL. Faith, I don't know.

BEL. Then to hear her sigh, and ask her uncle, in the tenderest accents, "*if nothing can be done for me?*" I swear, a direct avowal of her passion would not give me such transport. How charming! to witness nature's

ture's genuine feelings in a beautiful girl, instead of those factitious ones impos'd by education.

CARL. *Her* mode of education has been strange, sure ! do you find nothing repulsive in it ?

BEL. Repulsive ! quite the reverse—it has a thousand charms for me. Her mind is naturally so elegant and ingenuous, that the task of polishing it can be but slight, and that charming task will be mine ! I shall be her enamour'd Abelard !

CARL. Is it so very charming to be a school-master ?

BEL. What a phrase ! [*impatiently*] To unite the characters of lover and instructor, seems to me the most interesting of human situations.

“ What joy to wind along the cool retreat,

“ To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go ;

“ To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,

“ And teach my *lovely scholar* all I know !”

So sung, you know, one of our first poets.

CARL. One of our first poets is very welcome to have sung, or said it. But give me a woman whose soul is *all inform'd*, and alive to every enjoyment of taste and feeling ! I would rather my wife should join in conversation with grace, than shrink from it, overpowered by her blushes ; and that she should make the men afraid of her wit, rather than allure them by her simplicity.

BEL. You speak as though you knew such a woman ?

CARL. Perhaps I may—but of that hereafter.

BEL. Hereafter be it then, for now I am impatient to be gone. I must practise an hour, before I shall

shall reduce my pipe to the shrill tone suited to my appearance;—you would not insure my life three days, if you should see me when metamorphosed.

CARL. Nor your understanding for three hours, now that I know the cause of it—but adieu! in a week you'll be recover'd.

[Exeunt at opposite doors.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E *Doctor FEELOVE'S.*

ARABELLA *sitting at a Table, with Paper and Pencil.*

ARABELLA.

NO, that won't do [*taking up a slip of paper*—Yes it will—no! it is not half so soft and pretty. [*retouches it*] There now! that little touch at the corner of the mouth has made it clear another thing. Oh, how happy those ladies are that can draw!—if I could draw, I'd make his sweet face so white; and his eye should be just lifted up to me, as it is sometimes; and between his lips I would see a little bit of his white teeth, and—

Enter FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. Heyday! what is she about! [*peeping*] What now, Arabella! writing?

ARAB. Oh, no; you know I can't write—I wish I could.

FEELOVE. Wish you could! why? to enlarge your sphere of mischief? pity there's a goose-quill in the kingdom, except those in the hands of the faculty, the clergy, and the law;—though, as to the law, I believe, there would be no great harm, if their's were

D

taken

taken away too. But what use, pray, would *you* make of a pen?

ARAB. Oh, I'd write—I'd write down a song that I have been making out of my own head, but I can't finish it, because I can't write. It begins——

Soft are my gentle Jockey's looks,
And lily pale his face.——

FEELOVE. "Lily pale his face."—Aye, that most young men can boast of—rosy cheeks are as scarce now in England, as rose bushes in Scotland. Let me see that paper—what's this? a flower pot?

ARAB. No, it's Jockey. [very artlessly.]

FEELOVE. Jockey! why thou hast a good pretty notion, girl, enough!—some fancy there—it might take a man a good while to explain it. But come, [*throwing down the paper, which she picks up, and puts in her bosom.*] I want to talk to you a little. Here will be the poor young man presently—Mr. Bellair.

ARAB. Oh dear, will he? [joyfully.]

FEELOVE. Now you know he's dying.

ARAB. Is he. [sadly.]

FEELOVE. Therefore we must make hay while the sun shines.

ARAB. The sun *won't* shine, when he dies. [*aside.*]

FEELOVE. He has a good fortune, and neither chick nor child. He must leave it to somebody you know, and most likely it will be to those who are most kind to him; now I would have you shew every kind of decent civility to him, that a modest young woman may shew.

ARAB. I am sure I always do. I would lay down my life to bate his pains; sometimes they are very bad,
and

and then he grasps my hand so hard!—but I am not angry with him.

FEELove. No, to be sure; he is sick, poor man—if he was well 'twould be quite another thing—never let a man in health press your hand. But, as I was saying, I have no doubt but his gratitude will secure us some acknowledgement at his death.

ARAB. Oh, dear uncle! you had better secure an acknowledgement for saving his life.

FEELove. Yes, but when people's lives are saved, they seldom think of an acknowledgement;—if you can get into a sick man's will, 'tis safer to let him go.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Bellair is coming up, Sir.

FEELove. Oh, let me assist him. [*runs out*] Stay, good Sir!

ARAB. Dear, dear, how weak he is! [*looking through the wing.*] But I declare he is not so pale—no not half so pale as he was. Oh! how I should love my uncle if he would recover him—I'd give all I have in the world!

Enter BELLAIR, supported by FEELove, and the SERVANT.

FEELove. Lean on me, good Mr. Bellair, lean harder! come, think me your nurse, as well as your Doctor—you know we rank with old women.

BEL. [*Panting*] You are kind—hooh! very kind. Your stairs—hooh! have exhausted too much of my wasting breath.

FEELOVE. Ay, ay, all our breaths are wafting ; but come, take courage—you may have more years before ye, than *I* have yet, perhaps.

BEL. Yes, I guess I may ; or Nature will play me a slippery trick. [*aside.*] Pray support me to that sofa. [*advances a step or two, then stops short.*] That young woman there again ! Oh, Doctor ! do you not know how baneful to me, is the sight of a young woman ?

ARAB. Dear, how can he hate me so ? it will break my heart. [*aside.*]

FEELOVE. Sir, my niece is useful in the room ; you are sometimes apt to be faintish, and maid-servants are so unhandy—But if she offends you, she shall go.—Go, Arabella.

ARAB. Well, I can stay at the door, and see him through the crevice—Sure that can't offend him !—[*pensively.*]

BEL. No, let her stay—let her stay ! Going out of the world, as I am, it is my duty to conquer aversions. I will even let her sit by me—Sit down, young lady ! [*They both sit on the sofa.*]

FEELOVE. Where are your drops, Arry ?

ARAB. Here they be. [*She takes them from her pocket ; he seizes the bottle and her hand together.*]

FEELOVE. Don't take too much of 'em, Sir—don't keep them too long at your nose.

BEL. Oh, they revive me beyond expression !

ARAB. Yes, Sir, they are very good drops. Dear, how tight he holds my hand ! [*aside.*]

BEL. My spirits are very low ; and I have odd fancies, Doctor—very odd fancies !

FEE-

FEELOVE. Aye, Sir, but you should always oppose odd fancies. I knew an old lady, who fancied herself pursued by Death—She swore he should not have her, and actually contended with the phantasm so long, that she vanquished him. That very obstinacy which sent three husbands out of the world, kept her in it, contrary to the predictions of the wisest heads in Warwick-lane.

BEL. But I have a stranger fancy than that, Doctor.—I have a fancy that I shall live, and be some day or other a hale, stout young fellow.

FEELOVE. [*aside.*] That's a strange fancy, indeed!

BEL. And that many beings may yet owe life to me.

FEELOVE. I have no doubt of it, Sir Beings of the reptile kind. [*aside.*]

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, here is a gentlewoman, very earnest to consult you.

FEELOVE. I'll be with her in a moment. Will you give me leave?

BEL. Go, go, good Doctor, I will try to recover myself, to tell you my new symptoms, when you return.—But pray don't hurry the gentlewoman.

[*Exit FEELOVE. BELLAIR turns and gazes on ARABELLA.*]

BEL. Oh, angel!

ARAB. Is he going to pray? how fiery his eyes look! [*aside.*] Pray, Sir, quiet yourself; rest your head a little on me—I fancy it is in pain. [*He rests his head on her shoulder, with his arm round her.*]

BEL.

BEL. Oh, Epicures and voluptuaries !

ARAB. He talks Latin ! they say people do so, when they are possess'd. [*aside.*]

BEL. No, this is too much ! [*lifting his head.*] I will declare myself at once.

ARAB. Dear Sir, if you have any sins upon your mind, the sooner you declare them the better—it may make your conscience easy.

BEL. Yes, I will declare—Oh, most enchanting—[*drops on one knee ; Feelope enters, and he lets himself fall on the floor.*]

ARAB. Oh !

FEELOVE. Bless me, he is fainting !—aye, he is far gone indeed, poor man !—Very odd ! [*taking his hand.*] His pulse is good, though *he* is so bad.

ARAB. When he fell he was going to declare some crime to me—

FEELOVE. Some crime !

ARAB. Yes, and it seemed to overpower his conscience so, the moment he began to speak, that he could not bear it.

FEELOVE. Aye, he has been but bad, I doubt, but now he pays for all. Come, Sir, cheer ye, cheer ye ! [*helping him up.*] I won't leave ye again ; I'll sit by ye, if its an hour ;—the very sight of a Doctor is better, sometimes, than physic.

BEL. Oh, Sir, you are very kind ! but I believe I shall not be the better for you now. In the afternoon, if you'll permit me, I shall call again.

FEELOVE. I'll go to you.

BEL. Not for the world !—I give you too much trouble.

trouble. The air of this part of the town, so near the Park, revives me—Permit me to come as often as I can ; I hope I shall not be long in this sad way. Pray, Doctor ! [*putting a bank note in his hand.*]

FEELOVE. Sir, it is needless. [*putting it in his pocket.*]

BEL. The young lady's drops are very good. About six I'll be here again—you'll let her be in the way.

FEELOVE. That she shall. Come, Sir, lean on me.

Exeunt. Bellair gazing on Arabella.

ARAB. Dear, how he looks at me ! it thrills my bosom through and through ! Sure he can have no very great crime on his mind—I am sure he never can have been wicked—I'll endeavour to comfort him when he comes again. Meantime, I'll go into my own room, and try to finish this. [*taking the paper from her bosom.*] I think I can make it look a little as he did just now,—and then—then, if he dies—— [*dropping a tear.*] I can look at this, and think of him ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Horse Guards.

Enter CARLTON, followed by BELLAIR in a Chair.

BEL. [*to the Chairman.*] Stop—stop ! Carlton !— [*gets out of the chair, and throws in his gown.*] There ! carry it home, and call for me at six.

CARL. Oh, oh ! what return'd from the Doctor's ?

BEL. This moment left the house ;—this moment left—Oh, Carlton !—I shall be there again at six—My time will hang on my hands till then—how shall I kill the heavy hours ?

CARL. If you really want to murder them, go home,

home, and send for a dozen of the reforming reports : if you want only to forget them, go with me.

BEL. Where ?

CARL. To call on Sir Marvel Mushroom. I pay him a visit once in six months, stay six minutes ; and laugh, after I have left him, six hours.

BEL. Who the devil is this Sir Marvel, who is such a specific for *ennui* ?

CARL. Been in London a month, and not know Sir Marvel ! Why, Sir Marvel was the other day a grocer, or an ironmonger, or a cheesemonger, I don't remember which—near one of the city gates, I don't remember where.

BEL. What is he now ?

CARL. *Now !* a man of figure, Sir—a man of expence. To be seen every morning in Hyde Park, on a little Galloway, followed by two servants on a brace of hunters. Every noon in a phaeton, making the circuit of St. James's-street, Pall Mall, and the Hay Market ; and every night, in every place where a ticket or effrontery can admit him.

BEL. Well, but where's the peculiarity of all this ?

CARL. Oh, all that's nothing—the *captivating* part of the Knight is to come. At the youthful age of forty some relation left him a large estate :—He threw off his apron, drove to his domains in a post chaise *and six*, roasted bullocks, broach'd hogsheds, &c. &c. was next year sheriff for the county, and carried up an address—This accounts for his title.

BEL. Ha, ha, ha ! Well !

CARL. His Honour now found it necessary to *read*, on the penalty of being silent wherever he went—to
which

which his loquacity could not submit. He accordingly buys every author on every subject; peruses poetry, tactics, philosophy, botany, cookery, agriculture; and, to shew that he can read, is for ever quoting.

BEL. Tiresome enough!

CARL. Not at all—as *he* manages, 'tis most pleasant; for beginning to read so late in life, with the *advantage* of a very bad memory, he makes the happiest mistakes imaginable. His head contains an olio of arts and sciences, so mingled and confused that he constantly speaks of one thing for another; and if Boyle or Clarendon are mention'd, ten to one but he'll give ye an old catch as a specimen of their talents.

BEL. Ha, ha, ha!

CARL. His French valet assists in furnishing the inside of his head, as well as to frize the out, and always gives his master the theme for the day.

BEL. Precious! this fellow must be excellent to kill time with—let us go directly.

CARL. With all my heart—he receives a new acquaintance as eagerly as a new book; and whether you are in calf-skin or morocco, it will make no difference to Sir Marvel. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Dressing Room.

[SIR MARVEL at his toilet, attended by LE GOUT, who is powdering his hair with a puff.]

MARV. Depechez, monsieur—depechez! I am impatient.

LE GOUT. Ah, monsieur! de Inglis be tous jours so, and for dat reason dey will never do credit to dere valets. A French general spend as much time in tak-

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ing

ing de powder in his hair, as in direction de powder to his enemy; and would rader *live*, dan be found dead in the field of battle *ill* drefs.

MARY. Aye, but *now*, you know, monsieur, the French are going to follow us—we are all the *go* in Paris. Next war I dare say your generals will head their armies in buckskin, and bobwigs; and if they are found dead on the field of battle, it will be with British balls in their bodies. (*starting up*) Have done! you have been as long raising the siege of that curl, as the Goths were in taking Cuba.

LE GOUT. Nay den, monsieur, I vill ave done; but pardon me, monsieur! it does use me very ill; I vill live vid no master who so disgrace me.

MARY. Disgrace you!

LE GOUT. Oui, fans doute, de disgrace be mine. De quality will not say of you—"Oh, what Burgeois be dat! ah, mon Dieu, quelle bete!" dey will say who drest dat man? he be as *mal adroit* as a Flemish boor—send him a new valet, he be drefs by a Dutch barber." My reputation be concern'd, monsieur.

MARY. Why now you know, Le Gout, I take great care of your reputation, and form myself entirely on your documents. You have liv'd so long with dukes and lords, and noble cricketers, and gentlemen chess-players, that you know the dash of high life exactly; and if I had a son, I would prefer you to any French governor in London.

LE GOUT. Oh, as to dat, monsieur, I would not be French governor to any ting. Running about after little master—sitting behind him at de play, and vid my
back

back to de horses in de vis-a-vis, and be at de bottom of de table when de chaplain ave leave of absence;—no, no, some French governors dat I know ave taken up de powder puff again, and prefer dere original occupation of valet, to de pleasure of whipping master for von hundred a year, and being tied to his jacket, like de keys to de housekeeper's girdle.

MARV. Well but, monsieur, have you thought of a subject for me to day—You can't conceive how brilliant I was at Mrs. Flanconade's yesterday. She thought to pose me once, and interrupted me with (*speaking in a thick voice.*) "Pray, Sir Marvel Mushroom, at what time was the Roman republic in it's glory?" Very good, ma'am, says I—very good! as tho' all the world did not know the republic was in it's greatest lustre when Alexander the Great was king at Rome—ha, ha, ha! No conceiving how it was enjoy'd—ha, ha, ha!

LE GOUT. Dere monsieur! dere! I be disgrace again. Why Alexander was never king at Rome, he was king of de Turcs.

MARV. You are right, you are right, Monsieur. The dog is clearly wrong, but I dare not contradict him.

[*aside.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. A gentleman, whose name is Pearlash, is below, Sir.

MARV. Pearlash—Pearlash! oh, I remember; I knew him last year at Brighton. The son of a soap boiler, Le Gout. What the devil does he want?

SERV. He only sent up his name, Sir.

E 2

MARV.

MARV. His name! why surely he does not put himself on a visiting foot. Tell him, I am engag'd at present—some other time—

LE GOUT. Oh, wrong, Monsieur!—pardon me, quite wrong!

MARV. Why! should I receive him?

LE GOUT. Sans doute—receive every body. De great people make all dere power dat way. In Grosvenor-square, a citizen send his name to a lord;—de lord shrug his shoulders—“*damn de greasy soap boiler—send him up!*” He fly to receive him, catches his hand—“My dear Mr. Pearlash, how I am oblige for dis honeur!—where have you been dis age? can I do any ting for you?—make use of me—give me de happiness to serve you!”

MARV. Do they condescend so much?

LE GOUT. Condescend!—pshaw! dat idea is banish de world—dere is no condescension. De canaille is de fountain of riches, derefore de lords treat dem vid respect, and tell dem of dere *majesty*: in return, de Canaille, bursting vid vanity and gratitude, let de Lords drain dere purses, and so bote fides rest fatisfie.

MARV. Enough! Lead the way. [*to the Servant.*]
Le Gout, follow. I'll snatch his hand, and outdo a duke in the warmth of my embraces. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CARLTON and BELLAIR, with another Servant.

SERV. Sir Marvel is just gone down to some company, Sir.—I'll inform him that you are here. [*Exit.*]

CARL. Was not that the lovely Bab Archer, you bowed to, as we came in?

BEL. It was Miss Archer; but you don't think her handsome?

CARL.

CARL. Critically so—perhaps not ; but she is *more*—she is *captivating* ! Her voice is melody ; and there is elegant mind in every motion.

BEL. *Elegant* mind, do you call it ? I am sure her's is a most insolent one.—I knew her abroad ; and this woman, who in your opinion is made up of melody, sweetness, and witchery, is the most perverse, the most capricious, the most proud, the——

CARL. Tut ! tut ! that is to say, you have been her slave, and a *neglected* one.

BEL. Faith, there is hardly a man of your acquaintance who will not subscribe to my opinion of her.

CARL. The strongest proof of her charms, and of her power. I adore her for being hated by all the men who have had the presumption to sigh for her. There is a degree of impurity in a woman who smiles on, and listens to, all who choose to make love to her. When I marry, my wife must bring me an ear as unessayed as her heart ; and the first whispers of love that reach her, must be from my lips.

BEL. Well, carry your whispers to Miss Archer, kneel, sigh, weep, and——be despised !

CARL. Ha, ha, ha !

BEL. What do you laugh at ?

CARL. At your conceiving that, with a woman of *her* character, I should pursue so *beaten* a track. No, no ; I have resolv'd to woo her, but it shall be by an appearance of indifference. I'll set her heart in a blaze by my coldness, and conquer her with flights.

BEL. Why your way of love making is more singular than mine ; but as to its success, I should as soon believe

believe the floating batteries had more effectually been attack'd by snow balls, than Elliot's red hot bullets.

CARL. A flaming allusion !—But here comes our Knight. [*Enter MARVEL and LE GOUT.*] My dear Sir Marvel, Mr. Bellair begs to be known to you.

MARV. My dear Sir, I do not deserve so great an honour. [*Embracing Bellair*] Can I do any thing for you ?—make use of me—give me the happiness to serve you.

LE GOUT. Monsieur—Monsieur ! dis is not de way to treat gentlemen. You must embrace, and make offers of service, only to de canaille. [*apart.*]

MARV. Enough ! did you come from the country, Mr. Bellair ?

BEL. From Leyden.

MARV. Leyden ! you came from Leyden—ah ! I remember, that's the place where they are so famous for lead mines.

BEL. There is no standing this. [*to Carlton.*] You have good paintings, Sir Marvel. [*looking round.*]

MARV. Yes, I flatter myself I have taste that way. We have moderns who pretend to paint—ha, ha !—save us from modern painters !—the antique is the thing ! Now, for a portrait painter, there's nobody like that little droll fellow, Erasmus ; he gave us flesh and blood to the life !—But for a cabinet piece, give me a Dutch Fair by Scipio Africanus. What is he laughing at ? he behaves very oddly ! [*to Carlton.*]

CARL. You must excuse him—unhappily ignorant—has read nothing.

MARV. Indeed ! I'll offer him my library. My dear

dear Sir, you'll pardon me ; but one can make no figure without reading. In such a place as Leyden, you can have had no opportunities—My library is at your service.

BEL. You do me a most particular favour, Sir Marvel. Well chosen, I am sure it must be.

MARV. Oh, as to that—yes, yes, Sir—aye, Mr. Carlton, you have seen my library. All the poets from Mæcenas to Shaftsbury. All the dramatic writers of name—including Shakespear, Lycurgus, and Pliny.—Read *well*, Sir ; and after you have read, begin to write.

BEL. Write !

MARV. Oh, yes ; one is not finish'd without it—every body writes. One cannot put one's head into company without meeting half a dozen ode-writing misses, and matrons who compose essays—but satire is my forte.

CARL. What then *you* write, Sir Marvel.

MARV. Trifles ! trifles ! There is a thing of mine in the papers to-day. You know, for every body knows, Miss Archer ?

CARL. Doubtless.

MARV. You know she is the most haughty, affected creature living ; and to-day I gave her in doggerel—mark that—in *doggerel* ; heroic verse would have been too dignified for the subject. There she is, in the poet's corner, at full length.

CARL. Satirize Miss Archer !—surely you have not dared.

MARV. Yes I have. Why not satirize Miss Archer ? I satirize myself sometimes, and answer it again the next day.

CARL.

CARL. By Heaven ! on reflection, it pleases me.

MARV. Besides, to tell you the truth, there is another reason—Now I shall surprise ye, I know ;—I hardly expect ye to believe me—but—in short, she has actually refused *me* !

BEL. Refused you ! Nay then, Carlton, you may as well give it up—You'll hardly expect to succeed where Sir Marvel has failed.

MARV. Oh, I don't know that—I don't know that ; those capricious women generally choose the worst—You know the proverb—dainty dogs.

CARL. Delicate ! So 'tis revenge, then—

MARV. Yes, revenge—But I still continue to visit her in a friendly way ; for she's fashionable, and one finds the first dash there : Besides, I have such good-nature and generosity about me, that I never can be out of humour with people to their faces.

CARL. In course, you don't mean to acknowledge your satire. But is it very severe ?

MARV. Oh, tears her like a bramble bush.

CARL. Then do me the favour to give *me* for the author.

MARV. Are you serious ?

CARL. Most particularly so :—In short, I want to be introduced to her, and I know no better way.

BEL. Tell her he is dying for her—that's a better way.

CARL. Yes, to be made a fool. Will you oblige me ?

MARV. To be sure—Gad, I shall like such a screen ! for I have had the terror of her fingers before my eyes.

CARL.

CARL. Go, then, this instant, my dear Sir Marvel;
not a moment is to be lost! Come, Bellair. Let nothing
tempt you betray that you are the poet. [Exeunt.

MARV. Never fear! I am not a goose, to betray
the Capitol.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

An Apartment at EVERGREEN'S.

Enter Miss JUVENILE, and a SERVANT.

Miss JUVENILE.

TELL Miss Archer I can't stay a minute, I have only brought a newspaper to shew her. [*exit Serv.*] Lud! lud! how this will gall her! I never read such a piece of abuse in my life.—I wonder how the author got it in! I have wrote twenty pretty things of this sort myself; but some wise, grave editor or other, always cropt my laurels. The next morning the answers to correspondents never failed to inform them that, "*The lines of L. S. were inadmissible;*" or, "*The Epigram signed Laura wont do for our Paper;*" or "*we must desire our fair correspondent Clarissa to learn to spell, before she pretends to write heroic verse.*" I wonder really at their impertinence;—that a young lady of fashion can't amuse herself in rhyming a little about her friends, but they must pretend to judge of the matter!

Miss ARCHER enters.

Oh, my dear Miss Archer! do you know that some cruel wretch here——

Miss ARCHER.

Miss ARCHER. Oh, yes, my dear, I know it all; you are the fifteenth lady who has been here this morning, to inform me of it. Upon my word a newspaper pasquinade is a mighty good thing—it makes one's friends remember one.

Juv. [aside,] Deuce take 'em! I thought to have been the first,—now I don't know how it touch'd her.

Miss ARCHER. Why do you muse, my dear?

Juv. Oh, muse—why I am musing upon the wickedness of people—to dare—to be able—

Miss ARCHER. Oh, never think about it. I tell you such things are rather a distinction—to be abused in a newspaper is to be rank'd with half the amiable and great characters in existence. Hah! here's another visitant, with another newspaper! Why my friends are so numerous, they'll be oblig'd to put forth another impression before noon. Good morning, Sir Marvel Mushroom!

Enter Sir MARVEL.

MARV. Dear ma'am, your most devoted! Have you heard of this scurrilous abuse?—Oh, yes, you have heard, I see;—Miss Juvenile is here.

Miss ARCHER. You might have met half your acquaintance here twenty minutes ago, they are kindly gone to disperse the papers.

Miss Juv. Pray, Sir Marvel, can you guess at the writer?

MARV. Oh, that's not a fair question. What do you think of the lines?

Miss Juv. Pointed to the last degree! witty and severe!

MARV. A'n't they?—this couplet

[*They each read alternately, Miss ARCHER standing between them.*]

MARVEL.

“Vainly does Molly break six laces,

“Some forms won’t yield to leathern traces.”

Miss JUV. And this——

“The blushes form’d with so much art,”

MARVEL.

“The easy swim, the studied start,”

Miss JUV. “The affected——

Miss ARCHER. Nay, pray, good people! have a little compassion!

[*She claps a hand before each mouth; they struggle to speak, with their eyes fixed on the papers; as she removes her hands, they each speak.*]

MARVEL.

——— “Clear starcher!”

Miss JUVENILE.

——— “Miss Archer!”

MARV. What d’ye think of it, ma’am?

Miss ARCHER. What is your motive for reading it to me?

MARV. Motive—motive—why ’tis fit every body should know what’s said of them. That great philosopher, *Heliogabalus*, said the abuses of his enemies were more serviceable to him than the praises of his friends.

Miss ARCHER. I am quite of that opinion, and wish therefore, to know whom I have to thank for *this* service.

MARV. Do you? would you really wish to know him?

Miss ARCHER. Yes, really.

MARV.

MARV. Shall I bring him to you?

Miss ARCHER. Then *you* know him?

MARV. Perfectly well. I will not give his name, but if you have any curiosity, he shall receive your thanks in person this evening.

Miss ARCHER. I should like it above all things. I have spent a life in hearing flatteries and falsehoods—let me for once see a man who has the courage to speak what he thinks. Pardon me for leaving you—I shall expect you and my panegyrist at *seven*. [Exit.

Miss JUV. You see she can't stand it—she is finely nettled.

MARV. Yes, yes, she feels it.—I am not surprised at it.

Miss JUV. I wonder what blockhead wrote it! for, between ourselves, I never read more wretched stuff.

MARV. Wretched stuff!

Miss JUV. Oh, vile! tho' I made *her* believe I thought it all wit and poignancy.

MARV. Why really, Miss Juvenile, I am surprised that people will give opinions so rashly. Miss, the person who wrote this little *morceau* is remarkable for his skill in *belles lettres*.

Miss JUV. *Belles lettres*!—skill in *bell metal* might do for such lines as these—they might be hammer'd out of any thing.

MARV. Very well, ma'am! very well! I must beg leave to say, that it is not so agreeable to hear the talents of one's friends slighted.

Miss JUV. Indeed! you are mighty liberal;—in general 'tis the most agreeable treat a friend can have.

have. I wish you wou'd let me know who this friend is, for whose reputation you are in such pain.

MARV. What d'ye think of Mr. Carlton?

Miss Juv. What do I think? ha, ha, ha!—
My dear Sir Marvel!

MARV. Nay, if you wont believe me, come this evening and see him here.

Miss Juv. Well, really now, it is surprising!—I did not think he had possess'd so much ill-nature.

MARV. Ill-nature! Let me tell you, Miss Juvenile, private ill-nature may be a public good. To make people's time pass happily is very benevolent, and if it was not for a little pleasant thing of this sort, now and then in a morning, people's chocolate would be as dull and insipid as the Ve—Venetian black broth.

Miss Juv. Spartan, I fancy you mean.

MARV. Spart—gad! that's very true; what a ridiculous mistake!—ha, ha, ha! Thank ye, Miss—thank ye. Yes, I remember now, the Venetians were those who joined the Macedonians in the war against Philip;—how could I make such a mistake!—ha, ha, ha!

Miss Juv. One may as well be quiet—in trying to help the poor man out, he gets but the deeper in. (*aside*). Pray, Sir Marvel, order my chair.

MARV. Yes, ma'am, yes. *Venetian!*—how could I make such a mistake? [Exeunt.

SCENE, BELLAIR'S Lodgings.

Carlton and Bellair arise from a table with glasses, &c.

CARL. And so you really mean to persuade the
inno-

innocent thing, that running away with *Harry Bellair* is the most honourable step she can take?

BEL. At least the happiest; for does she not love me? What is her fate if she stays? She will be huddled, in less than three days, into a marriage, with a passion in her heart, adding bitterness to disgust and mortification.

CARL. Where would you place her to be in safety?

BEL. I have a friend in town, the gravity of whose character will be a shield to her's. I have neglected him since I came from Leyden, but I'll go and make it up with him this very day. Let that pass—now to my question; will you assist in the *enlèvement*?

CARL. If I am not summon'd to the adorable Archer. If my scheme there takes place——

BEL. That's really too absurd! If she believes you to be the author of that vile abuse, and invites you, it must be to poison you.

CARL. I don't care with what *view* it is, if I am but invited;—I shall be sure, at least, not to rank with the brilliant captains, the Sir Tommys, and Sir Neddys, who are receiv'd, court'ey'd to, and forgot.

BEL. No, you'll certainly be remember'd.

CARL. I am convinced that a woman who has been admired all over Europe, and returns with an untouch'd heart, is not to be won by flattery, or by stooping to her power. 'Tis *pride* secures her, and her pride must be taken down, before Love can find a vulnerable place for his darts.

BEL. That will do for a figure——

CARL,

CARL. Aye, and for a reason too;—I shall govern myself by it, however.

Enter a Servant to BELLAIR.

SERV. The person you sent for, Sir, is in the parlour.

BEL. I'll attend him—excuse me half a moment.

[Exit.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Sir Marvel Mushroom enquires for you, Sir, he has been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

CARL. Admit him! admit him! [*he enters*] My dear Sir Marvel, what news from the lady?

MARV. Oh, I found her as inflammable as one of Montgolfier's balloons. The whole town had been with her—the whole town is mad about my satire!

CARL. Then 'tis in vain for me to hope for the credit of being it's author—it is not in mortal wight to lend so much reputation, for half an hour.

MARV. Oh, but you are mistaken—I disclaim'd it—disclaim'd all the glory—and she desires this evening to see the incomparable author.—So you will, Pyramus-like, drive, for one day, the chariot of the Sun.

CARL. Shall I?—will she see me?

MARV. She pants for an interview: the beauteous Helen was not more desirous of receiving Leander, when he swam every night across the Mediterranean. I have promised to carry you this evening. But be sure you don't give me as the poet, 'till I give the word.

CARL.

CARL. Nothing can be farther from my design— You shall gather your laurels when you please. I prize this mode of introduction so highly, that I know not how to return the favour.

MARV. Oh, Lord, nothing can be so easy. I hear you have a pretty poetical quill, and that you sometimes write Latin verses ;—publish a volume, and call it mine.

CARL. I'll consider it.

MARV. You may throw in a touch of Greek, too. I should learn Greek, for the pleasure of reading Ovid, but their d—d crooked characters are so alike, that one may as well attempt to learn Spanish, of Dutch mackerel.

CARL. My dear friend, I am too impatient to give the time I ought to your erudition ;—I had rather hold a convention with my taylor and valet than with Ovid and Horace ; and had rather this night be as well drest as *Count Grammont*, than as well read as *Doctor Johnson*.
[Exit.]

Enter BELLAIR and a STRANGER.

MARV. Hah, my dear Mr. Bellair ! Will you excuse me ; I can't stay—I came to call on Mr. Carlton. I have done his business for him—He's going to visit the lady, and he swears he'll be as well drest as Doctor Johnson.
[Exit.]

BEL. Then, Sir, you know your business. You are to go to Mr. Feelove's, and tell him—But stay, can you weep on occasion ?

G

STRANG.

STRANG. Oh, yes, Sir, I don't doubt but I can squeeze a tear, upon a pinch.

BEL. Well, squeeze as many as you can ; and tell him that your wife is in extremity at Hampstead, and desires his immediate assistance.

STRANG. My wife !—then I'd better not cry, Sir ; it won't seem so natural.

BEL. Ha, ha ! Well, manage that as you will.—Here is something for your ingenuity—Be sure, at all events you see the Doctor into his chariot, and give him a direction to some house in Hampstead.

STRANG. Never fear me—I humbly thank ye, Sir. [Exit.]

BEL. So ! having made a clear road for the Doctor, I can fearlessly pursue my own. My sweet Arabella ! in ten minutes I'll be at thy feet. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to* FEELOVE'S.

[EVERGREEN *asleep on a sofa*, ARABELLA *sitting at work, on a chair*. *After looking on him, she rises.*]

ARAB. Oh, how different it seems when Mr. Bellair is on that sofa ! I could sit and look at him for ever. If he was asleep, I'd take such care that nothing should disturb him ;—but I don't look at *him* with any pleasure—I don't care whether he wakes or no.

EVERG. [*beginning to wake.*] Never fear, Doctor, she'll be—[*yawning*]*—she'll be a very good girl.*

ARAB. To be sure, I must try to be good ; but I shall never be happy, though ! [*pensively.*]

EVERG. Mind what I say, my pretty Bell—The
young

young fellows—the young fellows are all rogues, villains, and—heydey ! where's the Doctor ?

ARAB. He's gone to Hampstead.

EVERG. Hampstead ! Why, how long have I been asleep ? Bless me ! [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis fix o'clock.—I must go—A'n't you forry, my pretty Bell ?

ARAB. No.

EVERG. Not forry !

ARAB. Why must I be forry ?

EVERG. Because I am going to leave you. When you are my wife you must be forry always in my absence, and glad in my presence.

ARAB. Why must I be glad ?

EVERG. Why !—why because I am with you, to talk to you, and to warn you against the ensnaring devices of young men, who, like spiders, spread their cobwebs every where, to catch such silly flies as you.

ARAB. Dear me, how can you think so ? Spiders are frightful creatures, but young men are not frightful. When my uncle took me out in his chariot, they looked at me so kindly ! If I had been their sister, they could not have seemed to like me better.

EVERG. No, they would not then have liked you so well. But you are very ignorant, Bell ; very ignorant, indeed ! However, you have time enough to improve.—When you are Lady Penmanmaure, you'll be quite a different thing. Good by'e, pretty Bell ! you shall see me again to-night. [*Exit.*]

ARAB. I don't care whether I ever see you again or not. It's very odd now—every time I see him, I like him worse and worse ; and every time I see Mr. Bellair

I like him better and better. [*Enter SERVANT*] Thomas, if Mr. Bellair should come, don't say my uncle is out, then perhaps he'll go away, and won't come up.

THOMAS. He is here now, Miss. He seem'd very sorry that my master was absent ; but said he'd wait to have some of your sal volatile, when his Lordship was gone—and he sent me now to ask if you'd admit him.

ARAB. Oh, yes, yes !—How glad I am my Lord is gone. Dear me, now, I am all in a flutter ! What can make me tremble so ?

Enter BELLAIR, leaning on a Servant.

BEL. Gently ! gently ! Support me to the sofa.—There ! now you may go. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Your drops, sweet young lady !

ARAB. Here they are, Sir ;—I hope they'll do you good.

BEL. Do you hope so ! [*holding both her hands.*]—Do you wish me to recover ?

ARAB. There is nothing in the world I wish for so much.

BEL. Who knows but it may be in your power ?

ARAB. Oh, dear Sir ! you can't recover. My uncle says—and you know he is a great Doctor—that you must dye.

BEL. [*still holding her hands.*] And can you bear to see me dye ?

ARAB. No, I shan't see you die ; and I hope I never shall hear of it. But I shall know it ; for I shall then see you no more. [*mournfully.*]

BEL. Oh ! [*in extacy.*]

ARAB.

ARAB. I am sorry you are in such pain—you see how bad you are ; you'll hardly be able to come any more—But I have something to comfort me.

BEL. What !—what ! [*alarmed.*]

ARAB. I have your picture—I drew it myself—Nobody would know it to be you but me ;—but I can make out all your face.

BEL. Oh, God of Love ! thou canst have no happiness in store for me after this !

ARAB. Oh, don't fear, Sir !—you will be very happy.

BEL. Yes !—yes, most adorable ! I shall indeed be happy, for thou hast pronounced it. See at your feet the most faithful and passionate of lovers. You have been deceived in me ; I am not dying—except I dye now, through excess of bliss. [*kissing her hand, and rising.*]

ARAB. Gracious !

BEL. It will take too long to explain now, how first I saw, how first I loved you.

ARAB. What *do* you love me ?

BEL. More than my life ! and I come to save you from misery. You are on the brink of marriage with a man you must hate.

ARAB. How can you save me from that ?

BEL. By marrying you myself.

ARAB. What *may* you marry me ?

BEL. Yes, sweet innocence !

ARAB. I thought I could marry nobody but that old Lord ?

BEL.

BEL. No, you shall never marry him, unless you choose it.

ARAB. Choose it !

BEL. There is but one way to prevent it ;—you must leave your uncle's house, put yourself under my protection, and then become the mistress of my fate.

ARAB. And when must I do this ?

BEL. To-night.

ARAB. Goodness ! and is it really in my power *not* to marry him, and to marry you ? and will it be my *duty* to love you, and to sit by you, and to watch your slumbers ?

BEL. Oh, my angel ! whilst it continues to be your *choice*, never think about the *duty*. Will you be ready to go with me to-night ?

ARAB. Go with *you* ! Yes, indeed—But where ?

BEL. I am now going to prevail on a friend of mine to honour his house, by making it your asylum 'till you remove to your own. I will be in the street at ten ; a dark lanthorn shall be my signal—The moment you perceive it, leave the roof under which your ruin has been plann'd.

ARAB. I will, indeed.

BEL. Let nothing stop you.

ARAB. No—not if my uncle was to beg ever so much.

BEL. One kiss from each dear hand—'tis all I will ask 'till you are my own. Adieu ! Remember ten,

[Exit.

ARAB. Can it be all true ? Mr. Bellair not dying, and loves me, and I to be his wife ! It is—it is ! these dear

dear marks on my hands are real—*[kissing them.]* Oh, happy, happy Arabella ! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E, EVERGREEN'S.

Enter EVERGREEN, and DAVID.

DAVID. Sir, a sgentleman is without, and has creat occasions to speak to you.

EVERG. Did I not say—— *[angrily.]*

DAVID. Cot a mercy ! I tolt him you fait so ; and he fait you would see *him*—He is your cotson from Leyton.

EVERG. Godson ! What, Harry Bellair ? Hah ! *[looking through the wing.]* it is him, sure enough.—Harry ! come in, Harry ! *[Enter BELLAIR.]* Why, you rogue you, how long have you been return'd from Leyden ? and how can you have the impudence to be grown thus tall and big ? Hark ye ! take care you forget that I was a greybeard at your christening, you young dog you !

BEL. At least I shall not be so malicious as to remember it on your *wedding-day*, which I am told is very near. *[smiling.]*

EVERG. Hah ! have you heard that ? The devil's in this town for gossiping. Formerly a man could do a snug thing in London, and the business as little known as though it were transacted on Penmaninaure—But now one's most private concerns are as public as the secrets of a prime minister.

BEL. Why should so splendid an event as your marriage——

EVERG.

EVERG. None of your jeers ! What, I suppose, you expect to be introduced to my bride—I shan't do it. I shan't do it, godson—There's your answer.

BEL. Then I shall be kinder than you ; for I'll introduce you to mine—Nay, *before* she is my bride ; I'll intrust her to your care in all her virgin charms.

EVERG. No great compliment in that, perhaps. But are *you* going to be married then ?

BEL. I hope so ; but, to confess—it is a kind of a run-away business. I am this very night to carry off the lady, and I come now to solicit your permission to bring her here.

EVERG. With all my heart—with all my heart, Harry. But who is she ?—what is she ?—whence is she ?

BEL. She is a blooming girl, on the point of being decoy'd into marriage with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and dotard enough to believe that the enchanted circle of a wedding ring will conjure in her a blindness to his defects, and a passion for his wrinkles.

EVERG. Hay ! [*dryly*] Why there are some prudent girls, Mr. Bellair, who have no objection to a husband a little on the down-hill of life.

BEL. Oh, I beg your pardon ! I am sure I did not mean to insinuate that—that— What is he going to marry a prudent *girl* ? [*aside.*]

EVERG. Well but—gad, 'tis laughable too. Ha, ha ! How old is the little tit ?

BEL. Of that delightful age which women term childish, and which girls think *womanish* ;—she is the niece of an eminent physician ; and the man, to whom he is going to marry her, is a superannuated peer.

EVERG. [*aside.*] Hell and devils ! But stay—there
are

are more old fools than I.—The name, Sir;—the Doctor's name?

BEL. Feelove;—and his lovely niece is Arabella Melville. [*Evergreen strides about, whistling.*]

EVERG. I have a red hot iron in my liver. [*Aside.*]

BEL. Why do you whistle, Sir?

EVERG. Oh, nothing, nothing. 'Tis a droll story you tell me—that's all. And pray how did you get acquainted with the young woman?

BEL. I saw her with her uncle in Hyde Park—was struck with the air of innocence, and enquiry that distinguished her—followed the carriage—learnt that she was just brought from Cornwall, to be married to a gouty Lord—introduced myself as a patient—robb'd the niece of her heart, and let the uncle rob me of my guineas.

EVERG. Well done, uncle Toby!—wise uncle Toby! Gad, there's something very odd in all this! And you are going to carry her off to-night?

BEL. Certainly.

EVERG. And you wish to bring her here?

BEL. Ardently.

EVERG. Well, I shall take it d—d ill, if you carry her any where else.

BEL. There is not another house in London I would trust her in.

EVERG. Bring her! bring her away! I'll take as much care of the little rogue, as though it was my own affair.

BEL. How shall I thank—

EVERG. Oh, you'll know what thanks to pay me in a day or two.—Go, my dear Harry!

BEL. Your eagerness charms me.

[*Going.*]

H

EVERG.

EVERG. Go—go—go! [*pushing him out.*]—Ha, ha, ha!—Oh! oh! oh! I could cry heartily on one side, but the other won't let me for laughing. Now, which shall I do? Oh, a fly gypsey! Oh, a d—d old fool of a Doctor! That he should bring her a gallant!—that she should consent to run off with him!—and that he should humbly solicit to put her under my wing!!!—Well, it shall all work together for good. Instead of the *Lord*, may I be *Geat* of Penmanmoure, if this shan't be a means of squeezing me another five thousand out of Feelope. I have it working here—'tis working here. David! David! [*Exit, calling his man.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

[*Miss ARCHER discovered with a Harp, on which she strikes a few notes. A rapping is heard—she rises with precipitation.*]

Miss ARCHER.

MY sweet harp, I must abandon thee ! That rap announces my satyrist. Ha, ha ! Now, I really wonder, though I wish to see *him*, how he can look *me* in the face :—he must be most ridiculously confused—trying at fifty awkward apologies. Oh, it is Miss Juvenile—impatient, I suppose, to see *the bard*.

Enter Miss JUVENILE, speaking eagerly.

Miss Juv. Bless me, is he gone ! I run away the moment we rose from table. I would not have mis'd him for the world.—Who would have expected him to be gone so soon ? Not eight yet. [*Looking at her watch.*

Miss ARCHER. Who, indeed ? But people's fears, when they dread *great* misfortunes, are generally unruly. Why, my dear Ma'am, you'll be happy yet—The charming man who lash'd me has *not* been here.

Miss Juv. Oh, that's lucky ! I do want much to see what sort of a man he is.—She shan't know that I could tell her. [*Aside.*

H 2

Miss ARCHER.

Miss ARCHER. Oh, I can draw his picture, I am sure, exactly. A great fat man, in a black coat, with twinkling eyes, and a prodigious length of profile—he makes amazing low bows—fits down, with his hat resting on his knees; and after wiping his face, stuffs his red and white pocket handkerchief in the crown of it.

Enter Servant.

SERV. Sir Marvel Mushroom, and another Gentleman. *[Exit.*

They enter—CARLTON speaking without.

CARL. Ha, ha, ha! my dear Sir Marvel, that was in the very first style. Do you know—Ladies, your most obedient! *[passing them with a sliding bow]*—Do you know the very thing happened to me at Padua! *Miss* Archer, I am happy to wait on you.—We were all in the Marchezza's box that night, when her husband came from Paris—he is extremely handsome; he *toute au contraire!* but, notwithstanding—

MARV. Bless me, can't you tell your story afterwards? Let me introduce you to *Miss* Archer. This, Madam, is the gentleman who had honour to day to entertain the town with—with that little—

CARL. Oh, a mere trifle! not worth mentioning, Sir Marvel. *Miss* Archer, I hear you have been a traveller; and that, when in Italy, they persuaded you to visit some of the Levant Islands. I wonder, when so far, your taste did not carry you to Greece! You can conceive nothing so charming as the Grecian women!—nothing so interesting as their style of living!—you would have found all Arcadia realiz'd.

Miss ARCHER.

MISS ARCHER. Greece and Arcadia!—are these his apologies!—his awkward embarrassments! [*Aside.*]

CARL. I endeavoured to persuade a fair Greek, that the fate of my countrywomen was happier than their's.—“Oh, it is impossible,” said she; “their liberty makes them *capricious*, and their power over the men *assuming*; they grow old in planning new conquests, and, alive *only* to the pleasure of admiration, seldom taste the exquisite bliss of true passion.” I felt the force of her observation, and could not help confessing that it *was possible* for a handsome English woman to border on the ridiculous.

MISS JUV. [*Aside*] So! that's tolerably home.

MISS ARCHER. [*Aside*] I am petrified! he talks with as much self-possession as he would to a maiden aunt—no bearing this!

MISS JUV. So you will not know me, Mr. Carlton?

CARL. Miss Juvenile!—'tis no wonder I did not immediately recollect you in that dress, when I left you in a white frock. I saw your brother well at Vienna. You play, Miss Archer. I am charm'd that you prefer the harp—'tis so graceful for the lady—so advantageous for the voice.

MARV. [*In a pet*] Why 'tis downright jingle!—a wooden cimbal is a better thing! I thought to have heard nothing but what concern'd my ver——I mean your verses; and here you have whisk'd us to Padua, then to Greece, then we had a swing to Vienna in Turkey, and now we must have a Canterbury tale about the merits of the Welch harp. Why, I tell you, Miss Archer, *this* is the gentleman.

MISS JUV. Yes, Miss Archer, *this* is the gentleman!

man, who travell'd all over Europe, to qualify himself to write an epigram on you ;—I think he might have managed the matter without going so far for his wit.

MARV. If he got his wit far off, you must allow it touches *home*.

Miss JUV. Yes ;—I allow it is *homely* wit.

Miss ARCHER. Heavens ! how could this man !
[*aside*] Miss Juvenile means to be severe upon you, Sir, but don't be disheartened. When you have done with me, you'll find a number of innocent, unprotected characters, who, at no other expence than a private *heart-ache*, may be securely offered up victims to your muse.

CARL. Oh, Madam, I disclaim all connection with the muses—nothing inspires me but the subject.

Miss JUV. You were happy in the choice of a subject to day ; was he not, my dear ? Have you the paper about you, Sir Marvel ?

MARV. Yes, to be sure—here it is. [*Offering it to Miss Juvenile.*]

CARL. Pardon me ! I am not yet so harden'd a writer, as to stand the reading of my own works.
[*Snatches the paper with anger, and puts it in his pocket.*]

Miss ARCHER. [*Aside*] Now, would I give the world to know, if that is in compassion to his own feelings, or to mine.

Miss JUV. Bless me, Sir ! not hear your own works ! Why, it is what every body does, and read 'em too.

MARV. Aye, to be sure—the ladies carry their's about in their netting cases, and the men in their tooth-pick cases.

Miss JUV. Yes, indeed ;—we learn those kind of
works

works now, like every other, at boarding school. I, myself, have written five odes, seven epigrams, and an elegy on an old turkey cock. Come, read, Mr. Carlton—you'll give your satire new points.

CARL. These wretches will force me to spoil my plan, by their cruelty to the lovely sufferer. [*Aside.*

MISS ARCHER. May I be permitted to ask, how I came to have the honour of your poetical notice?—Did I ever offend you?

CARL. Never, Madam! with respect to me, you have been perfectly harmless.

MISS ARCHER. Would I had not! for the first time in my life I *wish* to do mischief. [*Aside.*

CARL. I never had the honour of your acquaintance; and have seen you but seldom in public; but last spring I particularly remember, at the Pantheon.

MISS ARCHER. That's well! *particularly* remember! [*Aside.*

CARL. It was impossible to forget it;—you had in your party so lovely a girl! Bright blue eyes, flaxen tresses, elegant shape, modest—

MISS ARCHER. [*Impatiently*] What has all this to do with your satire on me, Sir? Why have you taken pains to represent me to the world in so odious a light?

CARL. Faith, Madam, one does many things without reflection. I happened to be in the humour to write—Your name occurred—The thing was done—My friends liked it—They would have it appear. I'll give you leave to abuse me with fifty times the wit.

MARV. Fifty times as much wit! gad! I don't know where she'd find it.

MISS ARCHER. Then you do not think me, Sir, so very—I understand, you do not think me so extremely odious and frightful! [*In great confusion.*

CARL.

CARL. Oh, that submissive look! such another will bring me at her feet, and then I am undone. [*Aside.*

MISS JUV. Do you hear, Mr. Carlton? is the lady so very odious, and frightful?

CARL. Frightful! Oh, no, Madam. The lady is very well—I wish I had abated a point or two in my epigram. She is tolerably fair, not a very bad shape, and, upon the whole, a—a most bewitching creature.

[*Aside.*

MISS ARCHER. Bless me, Sir, do you think I can stand here to be analyzed in this manner? Pardon me, if I say you scarcely keep within the line of good manners. I did not expect—not that I care.—I would not have you think that—that—I can bear it no longer.

[*Bursts into tears and exits.*

CARL. Oh, those tears! that I could catch them, and bury them in my heart! [*Aside, looking after her.*

MISS JUV. Ha, ha, ha!—well, she's finely mortified. My dear Mr. Carlton, I have the most extreme favour to beg of you.

CARL. Madam. [*Bowing.*

MISS JUV. You have interest with the newspapers—I have some very elegant, spirited things, and shall be prodigiously obliged, if you'll get 'em in for me.

CARL. My dear Ma'am, I really—

MISS JUV. Nay, I will not be denied.

MARV. No, no,—don't deny the lady.

MISS JUV. A word! [*Takes him aside.*] I have one thing that would cut Sir Marvel to shivers.—If you will but get that one thing published. [*Aloud.*

MARV. Yes, yes, get that one thing published, by all means.

CARL.

CARL. To oblige you, Sir Marvel.

—*Miss Juv.* Oh, charming!—I'll bring it to you myself to-morrow. Now I'll go to Miss Archer, and tell her you are going home to compose another satire on her. *[Exit.]*

CARL. Go, thou *thing*! and prosecute my heart's dearest interests, whilst you believe yourself only gratifying your girlish spite!

MARV. In the midst of all Miss Archer's anger, she does not pretend to despise the verses.

CARL. Despise them! I design to make her acknowledge that they are the happiest verses that ever were written;—you have really very extraordinary talents.

MARV. Talents!—aye, but every body thinks he has talents now-a-days! as Homer says in the Rape of the Lock,

To wit each blockhead makes pretence;

Give me a little common sense.

[Exit.]

CARL. Amen, Sir Marvel!

[Exit.]

Enter EVERGREEN and DAVID.

EVERG. Mighty pretty! mighty pretty! I can never come *in* to my house, but I am jostled by two or three young fellows going *out* of it. Hark ye, Sir! In future when any body, male or female, asks for Miss Archer, say she's not at home. If I can't get her out of the house, she shall see nobody in it—that will surely do in the long run. She may live without a husband, but to live without gossiping, without flatterers, without all the *he and she* family of nonsense, that I take to be impossible. D'ye mind me?

DAVID. Yes sure I to, Sir.

1

EVERG.

EVERG. Well then, mind me again. Mr. Bellair will bring a lady here presently—tell him I am out—sent for by the Welch Committee, about the new linen manufactory;—but say I left strict orders with the housekeeper to take care of the lady.

DAVID. Yes, I shall, Sir. *[Exit.]*

EVERG. Aye, aye—they are together by this time, driving to me, their only friend and guardian! ha, ha, ha! I saw the dog watching the door, and I saw him hold up a lantern—that was the signal, I suppose, ha, ha, ha!—Pretty creatures! Oh, I have them fast—they have made a noose for their own necks. Of an unfortunate man, I am surely the most fortunate that ever.

BELLAIR, *speaking at the Door.*

At the committee, do you say?

[EVERGREEN runs off without speaking.]

BELLAIR *enters, leading ARABELLA.*

BEL. My dearest angel 'tis unfortunate; but you are now in the house of Mr. Evergreen, and his protection will be of the most conclusive sort, with respect to your reputation; and *your* reputation is now mine. Why do you sigh?

ARAB. I don't know—but I am afraid they'll take me from you again.

BEL. Never; I swear by every thing sacred, that I'll hold you to me as I would my life. I'll go directly down to the house to bring home my friend; I cannot bear that you should be in this unguarded state, and for many reasons I ought not to remain with you.

ARAB. Not remain with me! why are we not to be married?

ARAB. Doubtless! and then we shall be inseparable;

able; but custom says we must not be so 'till we are married.

ARAB. Why, how will custom know any thing about us?

BEL. Oh, there are a thousand eyes upon us. Of what a nature is *innocence*! it invites its ruin; and the more pure it is, the nearer to destruction. [*Aside.*]

ARAB. Well, if you must leave me, make haste to return. How shall I amuse myself in your absence? Oh, here are some paintings. I love paintings dearly—I can look at them and make out whole conversations, between unhappy girls, and their cross uncles, and fathers.

BEL. But look *now*, my angel, for another subject—search for the portrait of a lover; fancy him telling the beauty he adores, that his whole life is devoted to her felicity;—fancy that I am that lover, and yourself the charming girl. [*kissing her hand*] Heaven guard thee! [*Exit.*]

ARAB. The *happy* girl, he should have said. Oh, I shall find no portrait here so charming as he is.

[*As she is looking at the paintings, EVERGREEN enters, and stands in her way;—she turns, and seeing him, shrieks.*]

EVERG. How now, young woman! why so frightened?

ARAB. Oh dear! oh dear!

EVERG. How came you here, child—hey?

ARAB. How—Oh goodness! how came you here?

EVERG. Oh, I am intimate here—I make as free as though I were at home.

ARAB. Indeed! ——— Oh, he'll go and tell my uncle where to find me. What shall I do? [*Aside.*]

EVERG. Oh, Bell! Bell! have I not always told you to beware of young men? have I not told you that they are all made up of deceit and lies?

ARAB. Yes, you have told me so, but I don't believe you. And you told me that I was made on purpose to be your wife, and that I don't believe neither.

EVERG. Indeed! why, who then are you made for?

ARAB. Somebody.

EVERG. Yes, but not for the body you think of, my pretty Bell. Oh, you little goose you! why this was a scheme plan'd between Bellair and me. This is my house; and he has brought you here, to deliver you solely into my power.

ARAB. Oh, what a story! how can you say such false things? he'd die before he'd put me in your power.

EVERG. Would he so? why I have been in his secret the whole time. I know of his sham sickness to impose on your wise uncle, and of his persuading you that he had a godfather, under whose care he would place you. I know of the signal of the dark lantern, and every particular about ye—Now what do you think of young men?

ARAB. Think! oh merciful! I could not have believ'd that in all the world there had been such——

EVERG. Aye, *now*, are they not deceitful monsters? and Bellair in particular, is he not—tell me? [*snatching her hand*]—is he not the worst of men?—a most cruel villain?

ARAB.

ARAB. What for putting me in your power?

EVERG. No, no, no,—I mean for—'Gad she had me!

ARAB. Yes, it is very cruel indeed. I think *now* I could hate him. Oh, I wish he would come, that I might tell him how I hate him!

EVERG. Aye, but he won't come—or, if he does, it will be to no purpose; he shall never see you more, my pretty Bell, 'till you are my wife.

ARAB. If I was sure it would make him miserable, I could almost determine to be your wife—and yet I would rather die.

EVERG. Oh, you ungrateful baggage! so much love, so much tenderness as I have thrown away upon you!

ARAB. Its very strange! I would help it if I could, but indeed I cannot. He who has been so cruel, I cannot hate; and you, who have been so kind, I cannot love.

EVERG. I am much obliged t'ye, Ma'am, for your confidence.

ARAB. Why should I deceive you?—you think Mr. Bellair very wicked in deceiving me, and pretending to love me, when he did not. I will not pretend to love you; if I did, you ought to think me a very wicked girl.

EVERG. So, so, so. Well, Ma'am, with regard to the matter of love, we'll settle that hereafter;—perhaps we are more even *there* than you think for—but, at present, I have other business in hand. Here, Mrs. Jones, [*Enter Housekeeper*] take care of this young lady;—tempt her to eat if you can, and if you cannot, put her to bed supperless.

ARAB.

ARAB. Must I go to bed without seeing Mr. Bellair, to reproach him.

EVERG. I'll reproach, when the time comes, never fear; but he shan't enter these doors to night. Go, Mrs. Jones—go! [*Exeunt.*] Now will I to my Doctor; by this time he is apprized of his loss; and I'll see him poison'd before I'll tell him where she is. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! [*Exit with an air of enjoyment.*]

Enter Miss ARCHER, leading ARABELLA.

Miss ARCHER. Go down, Mrs. Jones, I'll comfort the young lady. My sweet girl, who are ye? what is the occasion of this extreme distress.

ARAB. Oh, Ma'am, you seem good-natured, and I'll tell ye. Mr. Bellair has betrayed me, and Lord Penmanmawr is determined to marry me.

Miss ARCHER. Who are these people?—I never heard their names.

ARAB. Dear!—why this must be a very large house then, for Lord Penmanmawr lives in it; and Mr. Bellair I run away with, to marry—but I don't know where he lives.

Miss ARCHER. Heavens! run away with a man to marry him, and not know where he lives! why, my dear, he may be a deceiver.

ARAB. Yes, so he is, a very great deceiver; for he brought me here to Lord Penmanmawr, and call'd him Mr. Evergreen;—and now he won't marry me himself, and wants to force me to marry the old lord. [*Weeping.*]

Miss ARCHER. Lord Penmanmawr, and call'd him Evergreen! I don't know what to understand. But come, my love, you shall go with me to my dressing room,

room, and we'll talk it over ;—if you want an adviser, you shall find a sincere one in me. Her heart has an attachment, and it seems an unfortunate one—I know too well, now, how to pity her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to* FEELOVE'S.

He enters in great agitation.

FEELOVE, *speaking to a Servant without.*

Gone ! gone ! gone off !—I can't believe it—'tis impossible. She knows nobody—speaks to nobody. In all this vast town there cannot be a house open to her. And here have I been sent on a fool's errand to Hampstead, where every body is in health—not a soul sick from the top of the Heath, to Mother Red Caps. But *she* can't be gone off !

Enter EVERGREEN.

EVERG. Aye, here's a fine pill for ye, Doctor !—here's a bitter potion ! Whilst you have been running after an old woman's sciatica at Hampstead, your niece has been running away with a young man.

FEELOVE. What are we to do ? Why do we stand here ? Why don't we go in search of her ?

[*Running about.*]

EVERG. Search of her !—where ? where are we to go ? And if we find her, what then ? who d'ye think is to take your tarnish'd plate off your hands ? *We*, indeed ! 'tis all *your* affair, now Doctor ; I wash my hands on't entirely.

FEELOVE. What do you mean ? Why, is she not contracted to you ?

EVERG. Contracted to me—yes, in a state of unblemished reputation.

FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. Her reputation is yet unblemished, Sir.

EVERG. Yes, but it won't be so to-morrow morning—the first sun beams will see the flies upon it, and by noon it will be stale—stale, Doctor!

FEELOVE. Come, come, Sir! this is going too far;—you are too violent in your conjectures;—after all it may be but a girl's frolic—stray'd to some toyshop, or confectioner's, perhaps.

EVERG. Toyshop! or confectioner's! [*contemptuously*] What, then, you have not found out, all this time, that she is really run off with a young fellow, and who her gallant is! whu! have I that news to tell you? come, Doctor, prepare for a surprize—loosen your neckcloth, take off your wig, slacken all your ligatures, and sit down for a fit.

FEELOVE. [*Angrily*] Slacken your wit, Sir! you are too jocose on the subject of a young lady's reputation.

EVERG. Young lady's reputation! there are more reputations than her's at stake, I promise ye;—the reputation of a wise man—a Doctor's reputation, will become the tennis ball of all the wits in town in a few hours. Oh, Doctor, Doctor! where did you take up your diploma for discretion?

FEELOVE. Sir! there is no bearing——

EVERG. Yes, but there is—Hark ye! I shall make ye, in one minute, as mute as the bust of old Galen in your study. This great, impudent, roaring, debauch'd fellow, who has carried off your niece without let or hindrance, is the poor-puling patient, who was brought to your house every day for the benefit of the park air; and whom you have pronounced to be beyond
the

the skill of all the physicians in Europe, to keep out of a winding sheet.—Now, Doctor, you find there are more reputations than your niece's at stake.

FEELOVE. A malicious invention of your own—sheer malice!—That poor young gentleman is in a state, and I will prove it, to make it impossible for him to recover. The morbid matter (*speaking very eagerly*) hourly increases; the viscera do not perform their functions—secretion is destroyed—the thorax inflamed, the——

EVERG. I tell you he is run away with your niece. (*FEELOVE continues to speak without regarding the other's interruptions.*)

I tell you, Sir, that such an attack on my character (*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—a man of my experience, Mr. Evergreen—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—I who am acknowledged by every apothecary within the bills of mortality—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—[*Going off, the other following*]
—I who am call'd to every capital consultation—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—I whose practice has been so singularly successful—— [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to BELLAIR's Lodgings.

Enter BELLAIR and CARLTON.

BELLAIR.

My dear Carlton, congratulate me!

CARL. Congratulate me!

BEL. I have carried off my prize.

CARL. I have been with Miss Archer.

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BEL.

BEL. I have safely lodged her in the house of a friend.

CARL. I have seen the most tender melancholy in her air.

BEL. I have seen love light up all her features; and have pressed my Arabella to my heart.

CARL. I have press'd Miss Archer to mine too, in idea; and my hopes tell me, that it will not be *only* in idea. I am now convinced of her sensibility, and adore her. But where is your Arabella?

BEL. At the friends I mentioned. Not being able to find him at Westminster, I called at his house in my return, and have been assured that the dear girl herself, Mr. Evergreen, and all the family are retired to rest.

CARL. Evergreen! he's Miss Archer's guardian—he lives in his house.

BEL. Then our Mistresses are under the same roof—that's most fortunate!

CARL. It is indeed; for two girls talking to each other of the men they love, will do more for us in a day, than we could for ourselves in a week.

Enter a Servant,

SERV. Doctor Feelove.

[*Exit.*

BEL. Doctor Feelove! Oh, all the demons of mischance!

CARL. Can he have made the discovery so soon?

Enter FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. [*Speaking as he enters.*] A villain! to attempt thus to undermine my reputation. Gentlemen, —I have been insulted so grossly, that I can hardly compose myself, to tell you the cause of my unseasonable

able visit—but—if—in one word, how is my poor patient—how is Mr. Bellair?

BEL. Sir! Mr. Bellair—Sir!—

CARL. He does not know ye—fear nothing.

BEL. Are you sure of that?

FEELOVE. My patient, Sir—good gentlemen speak! how is my patient?

BEL. Your patient, Sir, is as well as a patient can be, who is out of the reach of his d—d Doctor. No further occasion for asses milk, stimulatives, balsamics, or coolers.

CARL. Alas, poor Doctor!—no more fees—he has given you the *go-by* fairly. Is it not a shame that a man of your prowess in the fields of Galen, should not be able to conquer such a pitiful hectic as drove him him out of the world? why, a physician ought to have the diseases at his call, and whistle them on and off, as a huntsman does his hounds.

BEL. Aye, 'twas a crying sin, to let such a spirited fine young fellow be kick'd out of life by a rascally little feveret! An old woman would have cured him; but such an obstinate confidence in the skill of the renown'd Doctor FeeLove! He died full of resentment, and his last words were—"Toss the Doctor in a blanket."

FEELOVE. I can forgive that—I can forgive that—but I can't forgive your illiberality, Sir. An old woman cure him! It was not in the power of all the physicians between London and the Alps to cure him;—not an herb, gum, wood, or fungus in the whole medicopeia, that could have given him breath two days longer.

BEL. 'Tis false, Sir—Bring the blanket!

FEELOVE. I could not bear this treatment, Sir, but that the extreme satisfaction I have in Mr. Bellair's death.

BEL. Satisfaction!

FEELOVE. Yes, Sir. My reputation, my character, demanded that he should die.—I would not have had him alive to-morrow morning for a thousand pound fee.

BEL. This is amazing!

FEELOVE. Why, Sir, there is a vile story in circulation, which, if true, would sink me beneath the lowest med'cine grinder—beneath a mixer of eggs and turpentine—beneath the cork in a julep bottle; nothing less than that Bellair is in perfect health, and so alive to youth and beauty, as to have run away with my niece—they say *that*!

CARL. What is there this world will not say! By all the honour of physic, he has a dose in his pocket to have secured his reputation, had he found thee alive!

BEL. [*Apart*] We'll search him, and make him swallow it. But have you then lost the young lady?—is she gone?

FEELOVE. Gone, Sir—absolutely gone; but as my poor patient is gone too, I am in some measure reconciled to that event. But, bless me, Sir, you are vastly like him—a man more liable to be imposed on, might take ye both for the same person;—the same voice, and the same features, only fresher and plumper.

BEL. Oh, oh—What you have found me out, Doctor? Why, I am his brother—your poor patient's younger brother,—and I should break my heart for his death, only the dog has left me a clear estate of two thousand

thousand a year, to buy weepers. In short, Doctor, I greatly fear'd your skill would preserve him, and if it had!—

FEELOVE. Preserve him! you might as well have expected my skill in physic to have preserv'd the French bank from breaking.

BEL. Well, notwithstanding my affected petulance at your entrance, I am highly gratified that Bellair is where he is—and I'll recommend you to all my friends and acquaintance. But I wonder the loss of your niece fits so lightly, my little Hippocrates.

FEELOVE. Oh, Sir, I have a great heart—a prodigious great heart! its feelings are for the faculty. A girl may run away from an uncle without reproach to him; but when a patient runs away from the sentence of his physician, the reputation of the doctor must soon run after him.

CARL. Happily *our* patient knew his duty better;—and so, as we are now three very happy fellows, let us e'en adjourn to the Star and Garter, and live the evening like *bon vivants*.

FEELOVE. With all my heart;—and egad, gentlemen, I am so offended with the insolence of a certain person, whom I will not name, that if you'll discover my niece, I'll give her to ye, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. The odd ten I'll stick to. [*Aside.*]

BEL. Hah! say ye so? If I discover her, shall she be my reward?

FEELOVE. That she shall.

BEL. May I rely on your promise.

FEELOVE. With as much confidence, as on the
symptoma

symptoma of a fever. I would give her to a rincer of gallipots, rather than the person I had engaged her to; —to a pill vender—to a mountebank.

BEL. Bravo, Doctor! keep to that, and we'll discover her enchanted castle, never fear!

CARL. That we will. Allons! let us sacrifice to Bacchus to-night, and to-morrow to Esculapius, and Fortune! *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E, FEELOVE'S.

Enter FEELOVE, followed by a Servant.

FEELOVE.

NOTHING of my niece this morning! Oh, may that rascal, who cheated me yesterday to Hampstead, never get rid of his wife till he is seventy-six; and then, for his farther punishment, may he grow rich, and fall in love!

SERV. May I be so bold, Sir—is that a curse?

FEELOVE. A curse! why, can there be greater, than for a man to fall into riches, when he has neither time nor faculties to enjoy them; and to fall in love, whilst he is falling into his grave? If they are *blessings* , may they be the lot of knaves, and cowards, and quacks! Bring me the slate, that I may see where I am to go.

Enter EVERGREEN.

EVERG. Go! why go to find your niece, to be sure. Have you heard nothing from her yet?

FEELOVE. No. [*Surlily.*]

EVERG. Come, how much will you add now to the fifteen thousand, if I should discover, and bring her t'ye?

FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. Nothing.

EVERG. What! consider what you say!

FEELOVE. I do consider what I say!

EVERG. How! if I discover your niece, drag her from her seducer, and in that state of her reputation take her off your hands, and make her *Mistress* Evergreen—what will you not throw in five thousand for that?

FEELOVE. No, *Mister* Evergreen—not five guineas—not five shillings—not a single half-crown. Oh, how I could mortify him now, by telling him Bellair is dead!

EVERG. Here! here's an unreasonable man! So then, if I discover, and marry her, I am to have only fifteen thousand pounds!—Oh Lord! oh Lord!

FEELOVE. Fifteen thousand pounds! why you shan't have her at all. Fifteen thousand pounds! If I thought my niece would ever look upon thee, or ever think of thee as a husband, I'd put fifteen thousand pounds in each pocket, drive to Gravesend, and leap into the sea, to disappoint thee.

EVERG. Why, we'd have you up again, if you did—we'd empty your pockets, I warrant you. Riches are no more safe now in the bottom of the sea, than a rainbow is in the clouds. Neither earth, sea, or air, in this happy age, can keep their secrets from us; and I have no doubt but some bold adventurer in the next, will find out a way to live in fire; or dart from continent to continent, like Milton's angels, on a condensation's sun-beam.

FEELOVE. That may be possible; but for you to marry my niece, with my consent, is impossible.

EVERG.

EVERG. What, are you in earnest?

FEELOVE. In earnest—aye, as earnest as *you* was in your abuse of me last night. *Smoke the Doctor*, I suppose, was the word. You love a joke, old friend; so do I; and mine shall cost less than your's—so good morning t'ye! I shall prescribe another husband for my niece, depend on't. [Exit.

EVERG. Say you so, my old boy? Why then I must play a game I did not think of—I must *secure* the young woman 'till you can be brought to alter your prescription. I have made a pretty mess here! 'Gad, though I love a joke, I did not think I was buying mine at the dear rate of fifteen thousand pounds—Dangerous joking with doctors I find. Well, well, a wise man may fall into mistakes as well as a fool; but a *wise man* will find a way to remedy them. [Exit.

S C E N E, EVERGREEN'S.

Miss ARCHER enters with ARABELLA.

Miss ARCHER. I am charm'd to see you so well this morning. Has Lord Penmanmawr visited you?

ARAB. Oh, yes; and he left me to go to my uncle's; but I made him promise not to tell that I am here.

Miss ARCHER. You did not hint that you knew him to be Mr. Evergreen?

ARAB. Oh, no—I will do nothing but what you bid me. I should be easy now, could I but see Mr. Bel-lair, to vent my anger, and to tell him how I hate him.

Miss ARCHER. Have a care, my dear girl! you

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wish

wish to see him, I have no doubt; but should he appear, you'd forget your *motives* for that wish.

ARAB. Oh, never! was there ever so base—so—

MISS ARCHER. Never, I acknowledge it; yet, should he invent any plausible excuse, your greedy ear would swallow it all. May I not judge her from myself? Should Mr. Carlton form excuses, where would my resentments be? [*Aside*.

Enter EVERGREEN, speaking at the Wing.

EVERGREEN. So! there's Satan at the ear of Eve [*Aside*]. Did I not desire, Miss Archer, that you would hold no correspondence with this young Lady?

MISS ARCHER. Yes, my dear Guardian, and therefore I made a point of seeing her, and giving her a little sisterly advice. She knows by this time how to deceive your vigilance on common occasions, and on uncommon ones I have promised to assist her.

EVERG. Assist her! (*contemptuously*) Well, Miss Melville, are you prepar'd to meet your uncle?

ARAB. Oh dear! is he coming!

EVERG. How he gain'd knowledge of your being here, I know not, unless it is from your false Bellair; but he swears vengeance—a garret and water-gruel are the least of his threats.

ARAB. Oh, Miss Archer! what will become of me?

EVERG. What signifies appealing to her? Miss Archer, indeed! I have contrived what is to become of you; for I would not deliver my little Bell up to her uncle in his present fury for a dukedom, and to conceal you from him *here* will be impossible; I have there-
fore

fore a chaise ready at the door, to carry you a few miles out of town.

Miss ARCHER. Out of town!

EVERG. Yes, Madam—or in town, or where I please—you won't presume to interfere, I hope.

Miss ARCHER. I hope *Miss* Melville will refuse to go.

EVERG. Let her at her peril! she is my affianc'd wife; my wife betroth'd—I have perfect right over her. Go you, Madam, to your apartment, and leave her to my care. [Exit.

Miss ARCHER. My dear Girl, never go with him; who knows where he may carry you!

ARAB. What can I do? I fear to go with *him*, and I am terrified to death at the thoughts of seeing my uncle.

Enter EVERGREEN, *with a long white stuff Cloak, and large Hood.*

EVERG. Here, here's a Welch riding-cloak, that belonged to a tall, meagre aunt of mine; 'tis a little too long, I believe; but it will conceal you the better. Put it on, and pull the hood over, that your face mayn't be seen. Nay, don't be restive, *Miss* (*throwing it loosely over her*): put it on, whilst I replenish my purse. [Exit.

ARAB. Oh, my dear Lady, what shall I do?

Miss ARCHER. My sweet Girl, how can I assist you? What an arbitrary wretch! I am full of grief for you—What has not this Bellair to answer for?

[They weep over each other, retiring back.

Enter Sir MARVEL.

MARV. I must give up Hyde Park this morning—I'd be sworn Carlton will be here, and I am determined

to make one in their *tête-à-tête*. Hey, hey! why, Ladies!

MISS ARCHER. [*turning*] Oh, Sir Marvel!

MARV. And weeping too! Dionysius-like—no, Niobe-like, all tears.

MISS ARCHER. A thought strikes me—you can assist us. My guardian is going to hurry this young lady out of town, we know not where.

MARV. Aye, I saw the chaise at the door—shall I go and break the axle, or shoot the horses?

MISS ARCHER. No, no—put on this cloak [*taking it from the ground*—ride with him a few miles, then turn upon him, and terrify him to death. I suppose your vis-a-vis is waiting; I'll use it, to convey her out of his reach—instantly—instantly!

MARV. Stop! [*when the cloak is half on*] Hold! I will not be envelop'd in this new-fashion'd chemise—how could I be such a good-natur'd fool? Have you not repuls'd me, Madam—disdain'd me?

MISS ARCHER. Oh, my dear Sir Marvel! consider, 'tis for this young lady—she has not repuls'd you.

MARV. I'm at one word—off it goes, unless you'll promise to receive me on terms.

MISS ARCHER. Oh heavens! I—I—I'll do better; I'll introduce you on terms to the pretty widow, Lady Beauville—she's just becoming the rage—'twill be infinite eclat—she had all the men in the pit about her t'other night at the opera.

MARV. On with it! we are upon honour—you shall carry me there to-morrow.

MISS ARCHER. To-night—any time. Come, Miss Melville! [*Snatching her hand.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

MARV.

MARV. So, here am I going, Jupiter knows where, cased up like the Trojans in a wooden horse, or like—— but here comes my ravisher.

Enter EVERGREEN, tying up his purse.

EVERG. Oh, what Madam has left you! Aye, she's a bad girl, Bell—a bad girl! never heed her! Come, don't cry, that's a good girl!—Devil take the string! Hide your face though as much as you will—that's right, pull the hood closer, for who knows but the Doctor may come athwart us, to some *Hampstead* patient or other? Come, now I am ready. Come, I say! [*Takes Sir Marvel's hand, who goes a step or two, and then stops.*] Why d'ye stop, child—go you must and shall, so loitering will have no effect, but to make me angry. Come, I say—nay, if you will be pull'd, you shall be pull'd [*Pulls and pushes him*]. Zounds! you are strong, Bell; I have heard that the Cornish girls can wrestle, and I fancy you have practis'd the sport. Nay, if you are for that, Miss—here, David, come and help pull this young lady into the chaise.

Enter DAVID.

DAVID. [*Pulling*] Cot a mercy, Sir! I can't make hur stir a petty-toe.

EVERG. Give her a pinch on the arm. [*David pinches.*]

MARV. Zounds! let me alone—I will not go, by Jupiter!

DAVID. [*Flying off*] What is it, Sir—it must be the tevil in a planket.

EVERG. [*surpris'd.*] What is it? why, a great country hoyden—they'll swear and romp at home, like
fifty

fifty grenadiers, and when they come to town, they mince their words, and mince their steps, as though they could utter nothing but monosyllables, or step above two inches. Come, we'll have t'other tug, Miss——

MARV. Will you? [*Raises the hood, and looks, first at one, then at the other*]. Now, Mr. Evergreen, we'll have a tug, or a wrestle, or what you please.

EVERG. Oh, that devil Miss Archer! this must be her contrivance—Where are they, where are they?

[*Runs towards the door.*]

MARV. Where? why, they are in the mode, that's all—emigrating. No, you don't pass this freight—you don't indeed; I'll defend it as the Africans did Thermopylæ.

EVERG. *You*, Sir! how dare you take this liberty in my house?

MARV. Come, Sir, don't be obstreperous: if you are, I'll clothe *you* in the riding-hood, and cram you into the post-chaise, as you would have done me; you won't play the Cornish romp as manfully as I did.

EVERG. Sir, this insolence— [*Endeavouring to pass.*]

MARV. Nay, if you will have a tug, you shall have a tug— [*Scuffle to get on the cloak, Evergreen gets off at last*]. Here, then, I remain conqueror; but whether the game is Olympic, Isthmian, or Irish, I know not. But Lady Beauville!—to be enroll'd in her suit, and in the Mennil hunt, is all that remains to establish me—fate can do no more! Miss Archer will now be a friend indeed! Oh, Pylades, as Juvenal says, what's life without a friend?—it's a dumpling without egg. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

SCENE, CARLTON'S Lodgings.

Enter MISS ARCHER and ARABELLA, followed by a Maid.

Miss ARCHER. Tell Mrs. Tomson, pray, that I am here. Come, cheer up my love; now we are safe;—that dear Sir Marvel has obliged me for ever.

Enter Mrs. TOMSON.

Mrs. TOMSON. My dear young lady!—

Miss ARCHER. My good Mrs. Tomson, this lady wishes to have an apartment here for a few days—Can you accommodate her?

Mrs. TOMSON. Oh, yes, Ma'am.

Miss ARCHER. I congratulate you, Miss Melville; you will be here perfectly at ease.

ARAB. Not unless you give some charge about Mr. Evergreen. The dread of seeing him will keep me in perpetual disquiet.

Miss ARCHER. You know my Guardian—On no pretence admit him, whilst Miss Melville is in your house.

Mrs. TOMSON. I shall take care, Madam.

Miss ARCHER. Then adieu! I must hurry back instantly, lest he should send to watch the carriage;—but you shall see me again in half an hour.

ARAB. Oh dear! I am so sorry that you must leave me! I love you already better than any body, except—I mean, I love you better than *every* body.

Miss ARCHER. I comprehend ye, my Love—adieu!
[*Goes with her to the wing. CARLTON enters.*]

CARL.

CARL. Angels ! and ministers of grace ! Miss Archer !

MISS ARCHER. Mr. Carlton !

CARL. [*Aside.*] Come to seek me in my lodgings ! By Heaven, this is too much ! Oh, oh, now then one knows how to catch a coquette. How charm'd I am to see you.

MISS ARCHER. How could you think of following me here, Sir ?

CARL. [*Aside.*] That's well put. Follow you here ! I'd follow ye all over the globe. Now don't put on that cold look—It neither becomes the face nor the occasion.

MISS ARCHER. [*Aside.*] His familiarity mortifies me even more than his satire. How can you have the presumption, Sir—

CARL. My dear Madam, on some occasions not to have presumption would be ungrateful.—I should really be ashamed if at this moment I did not give you reason to believe that I have as much presumption as any unmarried gentleman in town.

MISS ARCHER. Intolerable ! Why do you take such liberties with me, Sir ?

CARL. Why do you take such liberties with me ? You have taken the liberty to intrude yourself into my thoughts without my desiring it ; you have taken the liberty to obtrude yourself on my dreams—sleeping or waking, I am never free from you. If I mean to be civil to another woman, your image pops itself before me, and steals the compliment for which she was preparing her smiles—Talk of liberties, indeed !

MISS ARCHER. How dares he treat me thus ? The object

object of his satire in public, and of his jests in private !
—I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*]

CARL. Bend your eyes on me, sweet creature, that I may interpret them.

Miss ARCHER. If by bending them on you, I could convey to you the sentiments with which you have inspired me, you should have their most pointed glances.

CARL. [*Aside.*] “The sentiments I have inspired !” Now, that, spoken in this apartment, must be taken as the beginning of a declaration—and it would be scandalous to be behind-hand. I assure you, Madam, I am extremely grateful to those sentiments, and beg to assure you, that mine for you are exactly what the most charming woman in the world ought to suppose them.

Miss ARCHER. I don’t know what I ought to suppose, Sir.

CARL. You ought to suppose that you are lovely, and that I have eyes:—you ought to suppose that you have a charming spirit, and that I have a heart:—you ought to suppose that you are captivating, and that I am your slave. Now how the devil have I been drawn in to make this ruinous confession ? [*Aside.*]

Miss ARCHER. There is an air of sincerity about you at this moment, that almost convinces me you do not deceive me ; and I rejoice in it. I would have you love me, I would have you adore me—that your punishment may be severe ; for if I could think on you with any sentiments but those of contempt, I should despise myself. [*Rushes off, CARLTON staring after her.*]

CARL. I congratulate ye, Mr. Carlton—I congratulate ye ! Fallen into the very snare that, with all thy

M

boasted

boasted knowledge of the sex, thou hast laboured to avoid—trusted a *coquette* with thy passion, without first being assured that thou hadst touch'd her heart. But who could have doubted, after a visit at my lodgings?—Pshaw! [*striking his forehead*] 'twas clearly to draw me in;—she penetrated my design, and determined to shew me a poor, ridiculous, miserable plotter. Well, I love her the better for that! Now will it be impossible for that Hyæna to do any one thing, *for me or against me*, but I shall love her the better for it. And how shall I be used?—worse than a dog! But I'll have thee—Yes, by Heaven! thou dear, proud, bewitching slut, I'll have thee, spite of every artifice that coquetry and female *sweetness* can devise.—Faith, I'll go and tell her so now, in the very teeth of her malice. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, EVERGREEN'S.

Enter EVERGREEN, followed by BELLAIR.

EVERG. Don't make me mad—don't make me mad! I tell you I know no more where the girl is than you do.

BEL. Not know where she is? Heaven! what can this mean? Did not I leave her under your protecting roof? Did not you assure me—

EVERG. [*Interrupting*] Assure ye! what the devil signifies assurances, when the will of a woman is concerned? How could I guess that she'd run away from my *protecting roof*?

BEL. This cannot satisfy me, Sir; you have an air of being *angry* at my enquiries, rather than *sorry* for the occasion of them.

EVERG.

EVERG. Angry ! so I am ; d—d angry. Why, she has run from *me* not from *you*. Who cares about your concern ?—What business have you with her ?

BEL. Mr. Evergreen ! [*In extreme astonishment.*]

EVERG. Aye ; now here he is staring—now we must have explanations. Why, then, in three words, your Bell is my Bell ;—you carried her off to prevent her marriage with Lord Penmanmawr, and brought her to the house of Mr. Evergreen, who *is* Lord Penmanmawr.

BEL. Sir !

EVERG. Aye—what you can't comprehend yet ?—all stare and wonder !

BEL. *You* that old Lord to whom my Arabella was to have been sacrificed !

EVERG. Aye—and you, to expedite the sacrifice, brought her to the altar.

BEL. Is it possible ? What, throw my dove into the talons of the hawk !—bring the lovely creature to the very house she meant to fly from !—Oh, fool, fool ! [*Traversing the stage impatiently.*] Now then, old gentleman, I am to consider you as my rival—every other tie is dissolved ; and as my rival, I insist on your revealing where you have hid the lady ?

EVERG. Don't challenge me—don't think of challenging me, you blood-thirsty wretch—I will not be challenged. 'Tis time some scheme were hit upon to save men of fortune from you duelling blades—We ought to be allowed to fight by proxy, as the militia do—I'd subscribe an hundred guineas towards the corps, with all my heart.

BEL. I don't wish to challenge you, Sir ; I am no

duelist, but I *must* know where my Arabella is—I will kneel at your feet if——

EVERG. Tell you where she is? I swear by the honour of an ancient Briton I do not know; and if I did know, I would not inform you—Tell you where *my* Arabella is!

BEL. I am frozen—Why did she fly? Did she not know that—But why do I stay questioning, when I ought to seek her? [Rushes out.]

EVERG. Nay, if you are for that, I'll seek her too—perhaps luck may for once favour sixty, instead of six and twenty; and if I catch her, youngster, I shall mind your ohs and ahs no more than the winds upon Snowdon—He won't challenge me, I believe.

[Exit.]

BELLAIR *re-enters, stealing in, as though fearful of being seen by EVERGREEN.*

BEL. I cannot believe but that she is yet in this house—She could not surely fly from it; for, with her extreme inexperience, this town must appear a great gulph to her, in which her innocence would every moment be in danger of being lost. [Looking about.] Carlton's Miss Archer lives here—if I could find *her* she might give me some insight. None of the servants about? [Looking through the wing.]—No one of whom I can enquire?—Shall I venture to look into the apartments?

Enter FEELOVE, speaking, followed by a Servant.

FEELOVE. Just gone out! Well, when he returns give him these parchments—they may do for his tailor—it is the only way to make them useful now.

BEL.

BEL. Doctor Feelove!

FEELOVE. Hah! Mr. Bellair—where have you been all the morning? Have you found my niece? The vile story I told you of, has got air—Have you heard of my niece, I say?

BEL. Heard of her! why, Sir, she was in this house—she slept here last night.

FEELOVE. In this house!—slept in the house of Mr. Evergreen!

BEL. Assuredly; and has been spirited away this morning.

FEELOVE. You should as soon make me believe she slept in the palace of the Grand Turk.—She in this house!—You may as well say she is gone to breakfast in the moon, and turn'd lunatic.

BEL. [*Warmly*] What obstinacy! Why, Sir, I tell you that I myself—I say, Sir, that I—I have enquir'd, and I have been assured——

FEELOVE. Aye, poor young gentleman! say no more—say no more. Perverseness and folly came in with the frost, I believe, and pinches both old and young.

BEL. What steps can we take?—My anxiety for the sweet young creature you have described to me—Pho! what does this trifling fellow do here?

Enter Sir MARVEL.

MARV. Hah, Mr. Bellair! they told me you were above, so I would come up. Very unlucky Miss Archer is not at home! she promis'd to introduce me to Lady Beauville—I hear she has a grand route to-morrow, and I want to know her before, that I may be invited

invited—But I guess where Miss Archer is, so I'll fly after her. [Going.

BEL. Stay, Sir Marvel,—do you know where Miss Archer is?

MARV. I guess—I guess. She used my carriage this morning, to run away with one Miss Melville, whom Mr. Evergreen was going to carry into the country. [Going.

BEL. Heavens! my dear Sir Marvel, you give us life—Now, Doctor, what think ye of her breakfast in the moon?

FEELOVE. Faith, I begin to suspect that I may have breakfasted there—I'm sure my brain seems very cloudy. But where are they, Sir—where are they?

MARV. I can't tell, 'till I ask my servants; but they can certainly tell where they carried them,—and that puts me in mind of a fine anecdote. About four centuries ago—[with the air of beginning a long story.

BEL. Zounds! Sir Marvel, don't keep us here whole centuries—we must know instantly where those ladies are.

MARV. Well, well, you shall;—I was only going to tell you, for you know you are not well read, Mr. Bellair, that Queen Dido of Carthage—

BEL. Pray, Doctor, prescribe for him; he is moon-struck too, depend on't. Sir, you must take us directly to the house where your carriage left the ladies.

FEELOVE. Pray do, good Sir, and then if you want blistering, or bleeding—

MARV. I want blistering! no, I am never ill, unless I'm near a physician. Well, come, I will take you, if you'll promise to have Queen Dido afterwards.

BEL,

BEL. Oh, every Queen in the Æneid, with all my soul. Come along!

FEELOVE. Pray take me too, and then I'll take the Princesses, and their maids of honour into the bargain.

MARV. Yes, yes; I'll take ye both—I'll take ye both. [*Going out last.*] What a happy thing it is to be of consequence!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, CARLTON'S Lodgings.

Enter Miss ARCHER, followed by Mrs. TOMSON.

Miss ARCHER. I am much concerned that Miss Melville has been indisposed. Do you think she is now asleep?

Mrs. TOMSON. I fancy so, Ma'am, for I left her on the sofa—but I'll tell her—

Miss ARCHER. Oh, on no account! let the sweet girl repose a little;—her spirits, I am sure, are much fatigued. If you'll give me that pamphlet I'll amuse myself with it 'till she wakes.

[*Mrs. TOMSON presents a pamphlet and goes out. Miss ARCHER tumbles over the leaves a short time.*]

Miss ARCHER. Well, now, what signifies my attempting to read? my thoughts are so deranged, that Greek would be as pleasant to me as Don Quixote. What a peculiar fate is mine! to receive a declaration of love from the only man whose lips I ever wish'd to hear it from, and yet, to be convey'd in such a way, as to give me more pain than pleasure. The air of sincerity with which he made it, would have transported me,

me, had it not been poison'd by an unaccountable boldness and freedom.

[*Walks towards the book-case, and takes a book—CARLTON enters without seeing her—Throws himself on a chair, and his hat on a table—sees her suddenly.*]

CARL. Zounds! Miss Archer here again! Nay, then she's my own—it would be [ridiculous to affect displeasure] now. [*Goes towards her, then stops.*] No, faith—she shall speak first;—I'll be courted this time.

[*Sits down again; Miss ARCHER not observing him, he begins to sing, to catch her attention.*]

“I've kiss'd and I've prattled

“With fifty fair maids”——

Miss ARCHER. [*Screams.*] This is beyond all bearing!

[*Rushing out.*]

CARL. It would, indeed, if I suffered you to go;—No, no, dear creature! we shan't part now as we did in the morning:—I have just been at your guardian's, to tell you that I forgive all your ill behaviour to-day.

Miss ARCHER. Forgive!——

CARL. Aye, you may well wonder——'tis more than one in ten would do. Come, come—lower the scorn of that brow, and hear reason.

Miss ARCHER. I'll hear nothing, Sir, and I insist on your leaving this house instantly.

CARL. Ha, ha, ha!—that's unreasonable, considering where you are. But, come! I'll allow you half a dozen ill-humoured things, and then you shall attend to me.

Miss ARCHER. [*Seeming to bite her tongue with vexation.*] I will have my my own way in something—I won't

won't say *one* ill-humour'd thing, though I feel a thousand.

CARL. A thousand! Well, we have time before us, charmer; you shall have opportunities enough—every morning at breakfast—every day at dinner—every—

[With affected melancholy.]

MISS ARCHER. What can the monster mean?

CARL. Mean! why to marry you, Petulance! to give you a right to plague me for ever. What an acquisition, for a woman of spirit! Oh, I feel already the horrors of my future fate, but I am resolv'd to go through it—I *will* go through it!

MISS ARCHER. You imagine that the whimsicalness of this must excuse its freedom, Mr. Carlton, but be assured——

CARL. Pho, pho, don't let us waste time;—the plain English of our situation is this;—you are a coquette, and I am a man of the world; you would like to make me act like a fool, and I am determined to make you act like a woman of sense—a proof that I am the best Christian.

MISS ARCHER. Very well, Sir—very well!

CARL. I admired you, the first moment I beheld you, but resolv'd not to be made a dangler—which, if I had approach'd you in the common modes of courtship, would have inevitably followed.—I, therefore, took the road you have seen, and in consequence you'll condescend to *be* happy, and *make* happy, a year or two sooner than your coquetry would have allow'd.

MISS ARCHER. To be happy, and make happy!

[Smiling and tossing her head.]

CARL. Yes; and that in spite of all those pretty affected airs—they are *but* affected, charmer, you know,

N

for,

for, at this moment, you feel that I have a kind of resifflless impudence about me, which you love for its novelty.

Miss ARCHER. If I thought it possible, Sir—The wretch reads my very heart. *[Aside.*

CARL. Nay, nothing but a wish to *convince* me of it, could bring you to my lodgings; you see the effects of carrying airs too far. You used me in the morning with such barbarity, that your heart, hard as it is, was smote with the reflection, and then you run after me again to make it up. Oh, you dear commiserating—— *[Attempting to snatch her hand.*

Miss ARCHER. How dare you, Sir, insinuate such horrid things? Run after you!—seek you in your lodgings!

CARL. Oh dear! how a coquette may carry things!

Enter hastily Sir MARVEL, BELLAIR, *and* FEELOVE.

MARV. Oh, oh, here they are! I am come to claim your promise—you must introduce me to Lady Beauville before to-morrow. Not to be at her route, would be to *be* and *not* to be—as Kemble says. Pray Ma'am have you seen Kemble?

BEL. Where, Madam—where is *Miss* Melville?

FEELOVE. Where is my niece?—where is Arabella Melville?

CARL. Heyday! What is all this?

BEL. Oh, Carlton! how little did I suspect that your lodgings—but there she is!——

[Darting through the wing, followed by FEELOVE.

Miss ARCHER. Are these Mr. Carlton's lodgings, then? 'Tis well his boldness has such an excuse. *[Aside.*

CARL.

CARL. Is it possible that you did not know it?

MISS ARCHER. Know it! Heaven and earth! how can you dare think that I did? I came to visit Miss Melville, whom I attended here this morning, without the most distant idea, that—— Bless me! what an imputation has the interest I took in her welfare, subjected me to? I shall never cease to regret the occasion.

CARL. Nor I to bless it. How many tedious long months of hopes and fears, caprices and coquetry, have I been saved by it?

MARV. Oh, oh, you are agreed! see the effect of a few good stanzas—'twas my poetry, Madam, not his, upon my honour.

MISS ARCHER. What poetry?

MARV. Why, that little jeu d'esprit, you know, which was publish'd yesterday, about you.

MISS ARCHER. What! was not *that* Mr. Carlton's.

MARV. No; he beg'd to pass for the author, but it was my own composition entirely; without the assistance of any mortal man, whatever—deny it, Mr. Carlton, if you can.

MISS ARCHER. So those wretched lines were yours? It was you who chose to represent me to the public in so odious and hateful a light!—

CARL. You had better have been quiet, Sir Marvel.

MARV. Why, this is dev'lish odd! when they passed for yours, she never said one word against them; and now they are mine, they are wretched, and odious, and hateful!

Enter Miss JUVENILE.

Heyday! Miss Archer in Mr. Carlton's lodgings!

N 2

what,

what, my dear creature, you are afraid of another satire, and so are come to deprecate his wrath?

Miss ARCHER. No, indeed, my dear creature,—but pray what brought you to Mr. Carlton's lodgings?

Miss JUV. Business, Ma'am, I assure you. Pray, Sir, step this way, [*to CARLTON.*] Here are the verses which you promis'd to get into the news-paper for me.—I have spent this whole day in polishing them.

CARL. My dear Madam, Sir Marvel has much more interest that way than I have.

MARV. Oh, I'll get 'em in—I'll get 'em in, never fear. Let me see. [*She endeavours to snatch them.*]

“Description of Sir Marvel Mushroom, or the Cripple-gate Knight.” What, Madam, me!—me!—am I a subject for a news-paper?

Miss JUV. Yes;—or for a comedy, if I could write one. You are rich in folly, Sir Marvel, and would be a treasure to the public.

MARV. Why, Madam, you will not dare—you will not dare. Oh, the license given to these d—d newspapers! I'll get a seat in parliament, in order to vote against the freedom of the press.

Miss ARCHER. So would all those wretches feel, who tear the minds of the inoffensive or the worthy—were *they* to be stretched on the rack, to which they so unfeelingly devote others.

CARL. My charming creature, you must forgive Sir Marvel—I promised him that you should.

Miss ARCHER [*smiling*]. Secure first your own forgiveness.

CARL. That sweet smile secures it to me.

Miss ARCHER. No; you must earn it by long and faithful

faithful services. I will be a tyrant for two whole years, and you shall be the most humble and devoted of my slaves :—My caprice you shall allow to be reason, and my whims shall be your law.

CARL. [*kissing her hand*] For two months agreed ! but not one hour longer. [*Enter BELLAIR and ARABELLA.*]—My dear Bellair, is this angel yours ?

BEL. Mine ; and by a whimsical concurrence concealed in your lodgings. How much, Miss Archer, am I indebted to you !

MARV. Indebted to her ! No, 'tis to me. I wore the cloak, and I was pinch'd and pull'd whilst she escaped. One can neither have credit from one's verses or one's good nature.

MISS ARCHER. So you really have forgiven him—Did I not foretell ? [*Archly.*]

ARAB. Oh, goodness ! there was nothing to forgive—You can't think how innocent he is.

Enter EVERGREEN.

EVERG. The devil ! What, Bellair found her first ! Come, Sir, give up my Bell ! [*Attempting to take her.*]

Enter FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. Your Bell ! No, no, you must go for *your* bell to another steeple, my old friend—This little silver-toned thing would never be heard on the Welch mountains ; and so I have given it to him.

EVERG. To *him* ! You must joke, Doctor. You cannot mean to bestow your niece on a poor wretch, the victim, as you have often called him, of atrophy and disease.

FEELOVE.

FEELOVE. There, d'ye see !—again !—again ! Sir, you libel me, *and*, Sir—— [*Strutting up to him.*]

EVERG. Libel ye ! Why you libel yourself.—That's your poor invalid—the *dying man*. You'll never be able to stand the laugh, if you give your niece to him. Come, come, Doctor, give *me* the——

BEL. Sir *I* have received Miss Melville from this gentleman, who will be so generous as to pardon the innocent stratagems of love.

FEELOVE. Stratagems ! What then—what then, are you the—the— [*trembling.*]

BEL. You know I told you, Doctor, that I had an irresistible fancy, that I should live and become a stout, hale young fellow. I determined not to oppose *my* odd fancy, as the old lady did her's.

FEELOVE [*in extreme anger*]. Ho—h ! So, Sir, you had the—the impudence—

BEL. Yes, Sir, I had the impudence to live—But pray pardon it ! I will do any thing but die—I'll swallow all the gums, woods, herbs, and funguses, in your medicopeia, to make it up.

FEELOVE. You had better, Sir—I say, you had better—Oh ! [*Going hastily off.*]

CARL. Stay, good Sir ! you must be reconciled.

BEL. Dear Doctor, be but reconciled, I'll advertise my death, change my name, and fight every man who dares tell me I am alive.

EVERG. He must *not* be reconciled.

MISS ARCHER. He can't resist us.—I'll make love to him. Dear Doctor !

MARY. And I'll let him prescribe for me—Dear Doctor !

MISS JUV.

Miss JUV. And I'll write the epithalamium—Dear Doctor !

EVERG. He *shall* resist you—He *shall not* be reconciled.

FEELOVE. Say you so ? Here, Mr. Bellair [*giving his hand*] I will be reconciled, though—excuse me !—I should rather you were dead.—However, I will be reconciled.

EVEGR. Oh, oh, you will, will ye ? You *shall* repent it. Bellair, though I *shall* never speak to you more, I'll tell you at parting that her fortune is thirty thousand pounds—Remember, *thirty*. There, Doctor, that has cut you short of ten or fifteen thousand, I know ; so *your* joke has cost as much as *mine*.

FEELOVE. Sir, you are—— Sir, my resentment for this usage—

CARL. Oh, gentlemen, you must not—you must not quarrel.

MARV. Oh, yes, let 'em quarrel, pray, if they have a fancy for it. Doctor, I'll carry your challenge—What are your weapons ?

EVERG. His prescriptions—He can kill with nothing else ; he's harmless in all other respects.

FEELOVE. And you are harmless in *nothing* but your wit ;—the point of that is never felt.

Miss ARCHER. Come, come, since your anger expends itself in words, there are hopes of its subsiding ; and that the happiness we are preparing to enjoy, will neither be clouded by your displeasure, nor by that of our best friends.

To them we bend, submissive to their laws,
Yield, if 'tis censure—blest, if 'tis applause !

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

(SPEAKING WITHIN.)

I SPEAK the Epilogue ! Lud, how they teaze one !
 They write so dull—so—seldom they can please one :
 I never read 'em—Well—I'll trust to chance,
 And now before 'em, frighten'd, I'll advance.

(ENTERS.)

Ladies and Gents—behold—that is—our play
 We hope will—Lud, I don't know what to say !
 To entertain the cit, the belle, the beau,
 With India—Stamps—or, Race at Fontainbleau.
 In days of yore—bright days, with conquest crown'd !
 The French we beat, and beat on their own ground ;
 We conquer still by valour or by cunning,
 On their own ground we beat 'em now—in running.
 I'll try, as Mercury did, a small deception,
 It may secure, at least, a good reception.—
 How do I look ? If I can trust my glass,
 I think for Venus I may safely pass ;

(I'm

(I'm sure found out to say I'm any other ;)
No more Miss Archer now—the archer's mother !
Nay, never wonder, doubt, nor start, nor stare,
Don't you perceive the Goddess in my air ?
Yon low'ring brow says, No—Well !—if you doubt me,
I'll drop the Goddess,—here's enough without me :
Each scarlet Mars above, though e'er so dainty,
May leer around—there's Venus's in plenty ;
Or aim his glass beneath, upon the pit,
He'll see his Venus by her Vulcan fit :
There Bacchus woos his Venus all divine !
He nectar asks—but she—a pint of wine !
And you can never want the Queen of Love,
I speak to you, ye roaring Gods above ;—
Momus is surely there, from all this racket,
Yonder he sits—he's in a sailor's jacket ;
Thrice happy God, who lives but in a joke !
His Venus laughs, too—in her hat and cloak.
Where have I got to ?—Lud, how glib my tongue !
Am I Miss Archer, Venus, or Miss Younge ?
Be what I will, among my friends I rank ye,
Applaud Miss Archer, and Miss Younge shall thank ye.

F I N I S.

(I'm sure found out to say I'm any other!)
 No more Miss Archer now—the sister's mother!
 Nay, never wonder, doubt, nor stare,
 Don't you perceive the Goddess in my air?
 Of the PUBLISHER may be bad,
 I'll drop the Goddess—there's enough without me:
 By the same AUTHOR,

The BELLE's STRATAGEM, a Comedy.

The RUNAWAY, a Comedy.

WHICH IS THE MAN? a Comedy.

A BOLDSTROKE FOR A HUSBAND, a Comedy.

ALBINA, a Tragedy.

WHO's THE DUPE? a Farce.

THE MAID OF ARRAGON, a Poem.

